

KERRANG!

IRON MAIDEN!

RODS!

ANVIL!

PETE WAY!

BLACKFOOT!

BARON ROJO!

AEROSMITH!

SAMSON!

HUGHES/THRALL!

RUSH!

**FULL READING
REPORT!**

The official HM charts specially compiled* for Kerrang! from a nationwide survey of 50 specialist shops

SINGLES

- 1 1 EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
- 2 2 LIVING FOR THE CITY **Gillan** Virgin
- 3 18 NEW WORLD MAN **Rush** Mercury
- 4 9 HIGHWAY SONG **Blackfoot** Atco
- 5 3 YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMIN' **Judas Priest** CBS
- 6 14 WHO'S CRYING NOW **Journey** CBS
- 7 — DANCER **Michael Schenker Group** Chrusalis
- 8 16 ONLY TIME WILL TELL **Asia** Geffen
- 9 4 RUFF CUTS **Twisted Sister** Secret
- 10 — PARIS BY AIR **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
- 11 6 ROLL THE DICE **Heavy Petting** Neat
- 12 — TOO HOT TO STOP **Rods** Arista
- 13 10 BLOODLUST **Venom** Neat
- 14 11 PARANOID **Black Sabbath** Nems
- 15 5 LOSING MY GRIP **Samson** Polydor
- 16 12 ROCKY MOUNTAIN WAY **Joe Walsh** MCA
- 17 7 FREEBIRD **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
- 18 24 AXE CRAZY **Jaguar** Neat
- 19 23 SILVER MACHINE **Hawkwind** RCA
- 20 8 WHO'S GONNA WIN THE WAR **Hawklords** Flickknife
- 21 13 IF YOU WANT MY LOVE **Cheap Trick** CBS
- 22 21 HOT LOVE IN THE CITY **Rox Teen Teeze**



- 23 — ROCK 'N' ROLL FOREVER WILL LAST **Spider** RCA
- 24 — ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER **Randy California** Beggars Banquet
- 25 15 SPEND THE NIGHT **Cheetah** CBS
- 26 27 DEAD WHEN IT COMES TO LOVE **Warrior** Neat
- 27 — DON'T WANNA LOSE **Y&T** A&M
- 28 26 HEAT OF THE MOMENT **Asia** Geffen
- 29 17 BADGE **Cream** RSO
- 30 20 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK **AC/DC** Atlantic

IMPORT ALBUMS

- 1 IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor
- 2 BLACK TIGER **Y & T** A&M
- 3 SPYS **Spys** EMI America
- 4 BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan
- 5 IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait
- 6 U.S. METAL VOLUME TWO **Various**
- 7 GET IT ON CREDIT **Toronto** A&M
- 8 WIPED OUT (+ free single) **Raven** Base/Neat
- 9 TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Elektra
- 10 MOTORHEAD KIT - 5 TRACK 12" - **Motorhead** Mercury

ALBUMS

- 1 1 EYE OF THE TIGER **Survivor** Scotti Brothers
- 2 2 ROUGH DIAMONDS **Bad Company** Swansong
- 3 4 THE CAGE **Tygers Of Pan Tang** MCA
- 4 3 THE JIMI HENDRIX CONCERTS **Jimi Hendrix** CBS
- 5 10 LIVE IN LONDON **Deep Purple** Harvest
- 6 6 BATTLEHYMNS **Manowar** Liberty
- 7 5 PICTURES AT ELEVEN **Robert Plant** Swansong
- 8 — HIGHWAY SONG - LIVE **Blackfoot** Atco
- 9 7 SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE **Judas Priest** CBS
- 10 11 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED **Saxon** Carrere (Picture Disc)
- 11 9 ASIA **Asia** Geffen
- 12 8 JUGGERNAUT **Frank Marino** CBS
- 13 17 IN TRANSIT **Saga** Polydor Import
- 14 16 LIVE AT THE ROUNDHOUSE **Pink Fairies** Big Beat
- 15 14 THE UNEXPECTED GUEST **Demon** Carrere
- 16 18 ESCAPE **Journey** CBS
- 17 28 HEAVY METAL THUNDER **Various** Carrere
- 18 — BLACK TIGER **Y & T** A&M Import
- 19 12 POWERPLAY **April Wine** Capitol
- 20 25 THE WILD ONES **Cockey Rejects** Arena
- 21 15 WILD DOGS **Rods** Arista
- 22 20 GOOD TROUBLE **REO Speedwagon** CBS
- 23 22 SPYS **Spys** EMI America Import
- 24 26 BEER DRINKERS **Motorhead** Milan Import
- 25 21 ALDO NOVA **Aldo Nova** CBS
- 26 30 ONE ON ONE **Cheap Trick** CBS (Picture Disc)
- 27 13 EMOTIONS IN MOTION **Billy Squier** Capitol
- 28 23 PLANETS **Eloy** Heavy Metal
- 29 19 NUGENT **Ted Nugent** Atlantic
- 30 40 STEEL CRAZY **Various** Abstract
- 31 27 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU) **AC/DC** Atlantic
- 32 38 IN FOR THE COUNT **Balance** Portrait Import
- 33 34 BLACKOUT **Scorpions** Harvest
- 34 24 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST **Iron Maiden** EMI
- 35 32 GOLD AND PLATINUM **Lynyrd Skynyrd** MCA
- 36 33 U.S. METAL VOLUME TWO **Various** Import



- 37 — WIPED OUT (+ FREE SINGLE) **Raven** Base/Neat Import
- 38 35 GET IT ON CREDIT **Toronto** A&M Import
- 39 32 TOO FAST FOR LOVE **Motley Crue** Elektra Import
- 40 29 VINYL CONFESSIONS **Kansas** Kirshner

*Charts compiled by MRIB

KERRANG!

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MAGIC

The New Album

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Limited Edition
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Featuring
the New Single
"Living For The City"

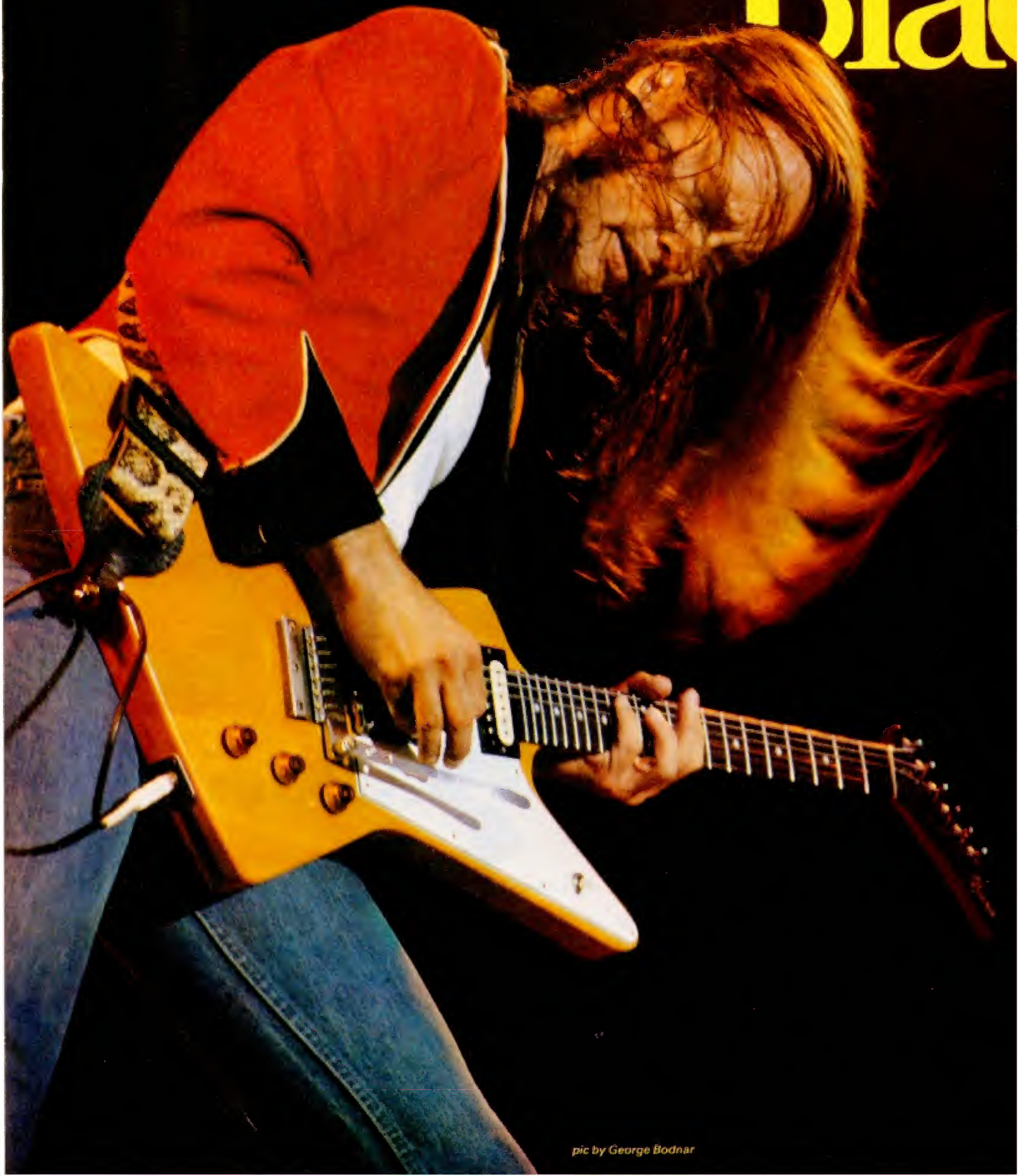
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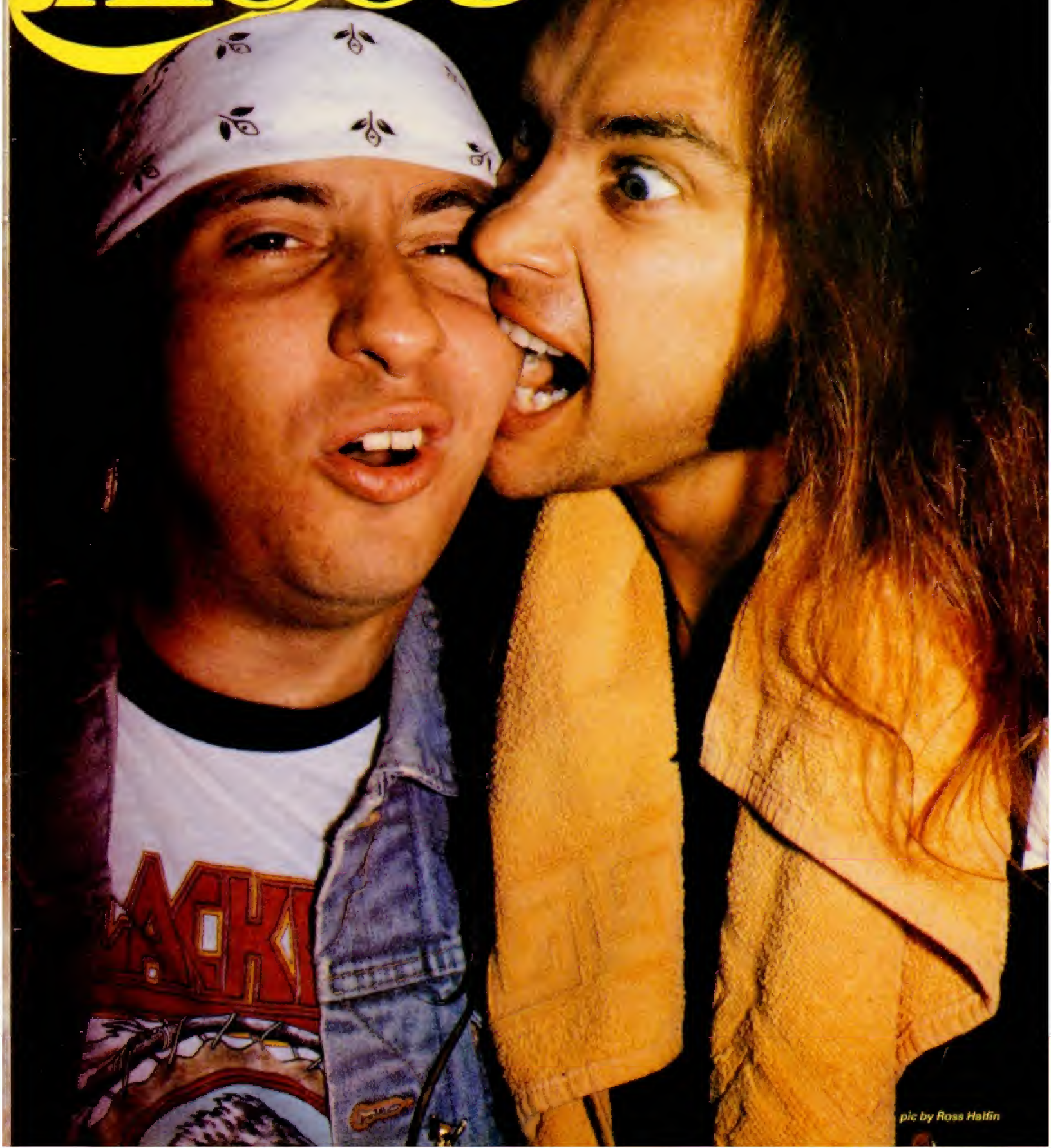
Nationwide Tour October-December

Black



pic by George Bodnar

Kfoot



pic by Ross Halfin

PUSSYFOOTIN'

HOWARD JOHNSON goes on the prowl with BLACKFOOT

"DO YOU know what the ideal woman looks like? Three feet tall, no teeth and a flat head to put your beer on!" Ricky Medlocke, six foot plus, teeth aplenty and a smile as broad as the Grand Canyon, breaks into the most infectious laugh I've ever heard. It's pure you to be back in the company of those four loveable ruffians, Blackfoot.

I make no apologies for this piece being a resumé of some of the more interesting moments from the time I spent with the band immediately prior to their show stoimping performance at this year's Reading Festival, for I happened upon Ricky, Jakson Spires, Charlie Hargrett and Greg T. Walker at a time when an attempt to conduct an in-depth interview on all subjects from the meaning of life to where the next piece of pussy is coming from would have been both cruel to them and unpleasant for myself. Let Ricky explain:

"Things haven't been too good since we went home at the end of the last British tour. We had a real good time over here and when we got back we were really on an up. Shortly after, however, Shorty died."

For those who don't know Paul 'Shorty' Medlocke was Ricky's granddaddy, friend, mentor and fellow musician. Probably the most important person in Medlocke Junior's life. He played harmonica and banjo with the band on 'Train, Train' and 'Rattlesnake Rock 'N' Roller' and was thus an immense loss to all concerned with Blackfoot. "The saddest day in the band's history," says tour manager John Vassilou.

"We were going to bring him over for Reading this year but he just didn't make it," continues Ricky. "We tried to call you and other journalists to let you know what had happened but we couldn't get in touch. Y'know, he was 70 years old so it doesn't really bother me until I hear 'Train, Train' or something. Still, things get better."

Despite this obvious sadness, Ricky isn't the kind of guy to wallow in self-pity. He's always laughing and joking and this particular day proves no exception.

WE'RE talking outside a rehearsal room in London as Blackfoot prepare for their Reading appearance and the company in the two adjoining rooms is different to say the least. On our left we have Adam Ant – drawn, pale and make-upless – whom Ricky greets cordially enough, and on the right, Madness, the British pop phenomenon who leave drummer Jakson distinctly unimpressed.

"Goddamn! We do that sorta goofy stuff when we're jerking around but they make a fortune doing it for real!" he says, after sneaking a listen to Madness music. We all have a good chuckle at this though Ricky clearly ain't too happy at the prospect of another interview.

"Interviews are all very strange to me now," he explains. "All these guys keep comin' up and sayin': 'Hey man, have you made enough money to retire yet?' And I feel like sayin' back to them: 'Who the f—k are you? I don't ask you your business so don't go asking me mine!' I guess that's kind of a reaction to all that's been going wrong around me of late. Apart from Shorty passing away I've spent three days in jail and Jak's been sued for a lot of money."

Intrigued I press for more information but Ricky is reluctant to say more.

"I can't expand on that... let me put it this way. It cost me a bundle to get out and it's still costin' me a bundle to stay out. Three hours in a correctional institution is no fun."

Jakson too cannot divulge exactly what process is being filed against him in print so suffice it to say that fate would seem to have taken an almighty dislike to our four heroes.

Be that as it may, though, watching Blackfoot rehearsing for a gargantuan four hours proves beyond the

slightest shadow of a doubt that they've in no way lost their ability to 'kick ass' with a vengeance. They run through the set with fire and considerable aplomb – minus vocals but deeply entertaining. In fact, the lack of lyrics only serves to highlight the strength of the songs and the presentation – Jakson assaulting his kit vigorously, Charlie hammering away to his heart's content and Greg providing supple, intriguing bass lines.

THEN, of course, there's Ricky, the inborn performer. Even though there's a grand total audience of one (namely myself – roadies excluded) he commands the floor and grimaces, poses and pouts as if he really means it! The rehearsal finishes, the 20,000 crowd (sic) goes completely ga-ga and I'm well impressed. All this musical action turns my mind to 'Highway Song – Blackfoot Live' the band's latest recording. It's live, hot and steamy and Ricky can't really conceal his delight at the final outcome.

"Ain't it tits (I guess he means it's good!)? It's a live, live f—kin' album and we've had unbelievable pre-release sales on it. So far it's not been released in the US, it's for Britain, Europe and Japan only. The States is screaming for it but we want to see how badly they want it. We want to prove that we don't need to depend on the US alone for success – not with the live album at least. In a way that's why we did the recording in Britain, mainly at Hammersmith, though 'Road Fever' comes from Edinburgh and 'Howay The Lads' from Newcastle, of course. We really couldn't believe the reception we got here."

But less of the music; have the boys been indulging in much social activity while at home in Ann Arbor, Michigan?

"We've not been doing much – just playing spot gigs and writing new songs for the next studio album. We were also on the road with

Nugent for a coupla weeks. He's got his best band together since the Amboy Dukes and we had some wild nights."

But Ricky, you haven't answered the most important question. Are you still drinking 'snakebites', that lethal combination of larger and cider of which I have fond memories from the last UK tour?

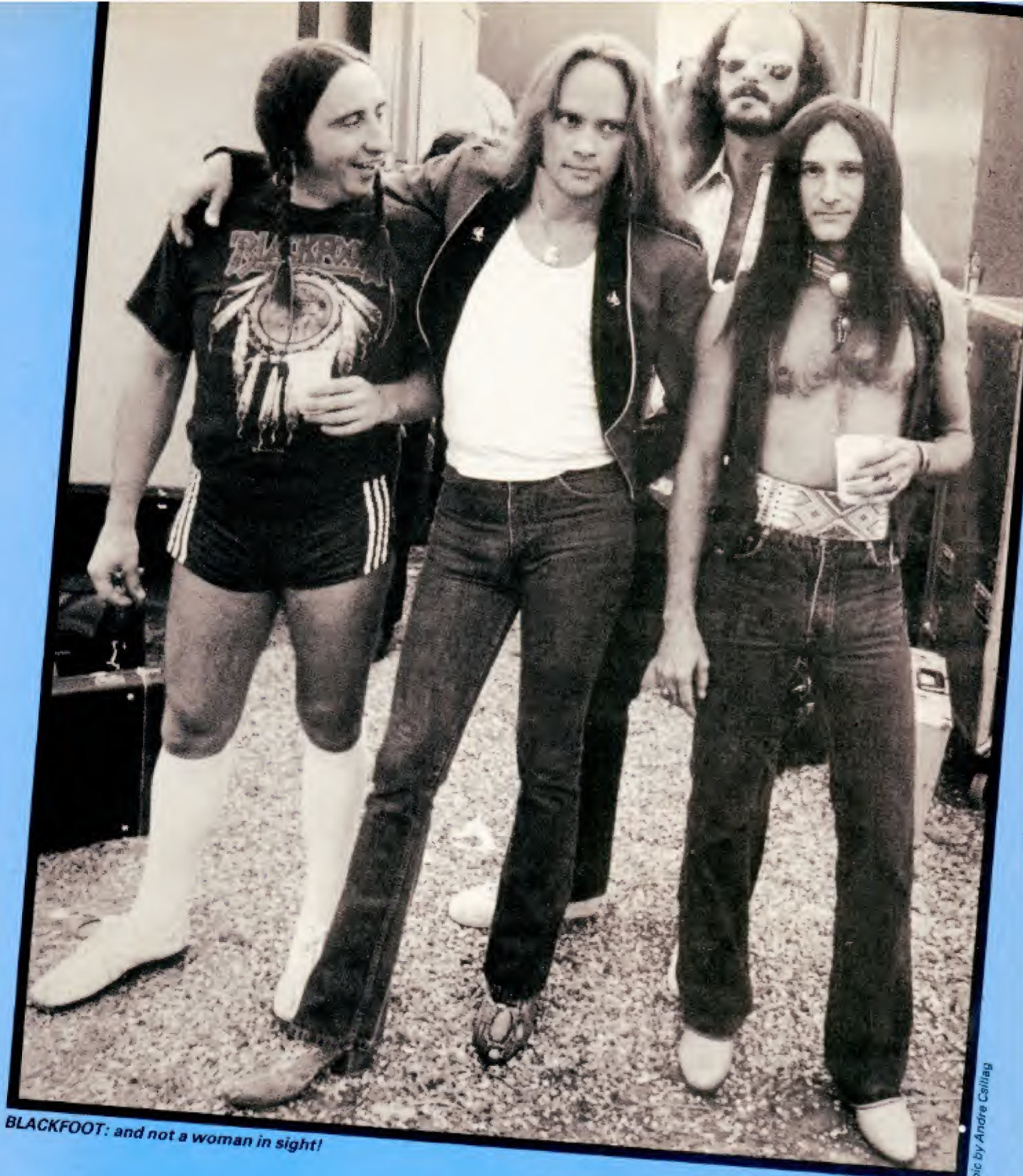
"Hell, yeh! We never give up on those sonofabitches. We've been going out and getting drunk a lot... and we've discovered a new drink. We're heavily into Bailey's and cream. That stuff's great, the only problem is that it puts weight on you so you have to be careful. That's why I've been riding a 12-speed bicycle for 25 miles every other day since I got back home."

ARE they still on their anti-wimpdom campaign then? (An in-joke for which I have received some serious ribbing from Ricky in the past).

"F—k yeh, man! We're still into anti-wimpdom, though I saw Journey a coupla weeks back and I have to admit that they were really good. I even like the new REO Speedwagon album which isn't heavy in the slightest! Our new studio album will be a bit of a change for us but we're not shifting to that style. We're writing hard rock songs with good tunes. We'll be Blackfoot no matter what. We ain't gonna be no AOR band just yet! We're still playin' really tight and heavy and that's the way to be. When I find someone who plays as tight as me, then I'll quit!"

And there goes that famous Medlocke laugh...

As the night is drawing in we decide to retreat to the band's hotel for some light refreshment – and, boy, refreshment (a good few 'snakebites') is well in order after sitting through Ricky's hair-raising driving of a Hertz hired car. Wheel skids, stomach-churning overtaking stunts and ridiculous spins are all part and parcel of this... er... total experience,



BLACKFOOT: and not a woman in sight!

pic by Andre Colling

maan! Gee, you sure smell the burning rubber, though Mr Spires, leaning out of the window yelling obscenities, seems unconcerned. It's all good fun I'm assured but my heart is weak at the best of times and I'm glad of the (relative) sanity of the hotel bar.

It has to be admitted,

however, that such places tend to stir the story-telling instincts of the Foot members, though none of their tales are even close to being fit to print.

You all know how the band can perform and that is the essence of Blackfoot. The Reading performance was no exception and despite being

in the country for less than a week, these four guys felt well at home and as far as I'm concerned killed Iron Maiden, who obviously bore no grudge, inviting Charlie, Ricky and Greg onstage for an impromptu jam on 'Tush' (actually not really impromptu, as Adrian Smith later confided. The same

event had already taken place in France!)

As you can tell, a good time was had by all and the band should be back for a full UK tour in the spring. Despite all the tragic events that have surrounded them of late, they're still having fun and they never forget how to make me smile.

ANVIL



Lips schtick

TOOTS DALEY cops a mouthful
from Anvil's Fiery Frontman

"I feel like I've just f—ked the heaviest broad that ever existed. Y'know, like a nice deep beaver, man... heavy pounding', that's how I feel. I don't think I've ever felt this good!" — (Anvil guitarist Lips after show.)

AS YOU may gather from the virbiage above, there's nothing Stephen 'Lips' Kudlowicz likes more than being let loose onstage.

Next year, in fact, Anvil are planning to have him lowered from a cage prior to each show, for the man bears more than a passing resemblance to some sort of predatory beasts let out at feeding time, the look of wild abandon on his face a mixture of sheer naked savagery and pure utopic bliss as he prowls around his lair with a torso wrapped up in sex-shop clobber.

Dripping rivulets of sweat, his performance is a bizarre combination of Angus Young headshakin', Ted Nugent gonzoisms and something totally unique to this Canuke madman, who alternates between Gibson Flying—V and Doc Johnson vibrator with total ease.

Anvil's wild reputation is spreading faster than a rash on a tramps festering carcass. Their womanising out rods The Rods, their nasty habits out gross the Halfin and their music, most important of all, is the loudest, fastest most fearsome dose of HM to tread the hallowed boards of Mettlica since early Aerosmith and Nugent.

A recent gig at London's Marquee, two hours of sweat-bucket 100 mph rock 'n' roll, left both group and audience staggering around in a happy/hypnotic daze looking like a bunch of leather-clad extras auditioning for a part in some new George Romero Zombie film. Like helpless victims suffering some form of musical shellshock no one seemed to know what had hit them.

Tonight was Anvil's last in Britain, a happy culmination to a somewhat depressing/frustrating and almost totally unsuccessful trip. In fact, until this particular evening things had not gone too smoothly and, considering that the group had put every cent of

profit from their last album into this excursion, it wasn't proving to be a worthwhile investment.

Initially it was intended that the group fly over from their Toronto homeland, kick off the proceedings at Donington and then do a full-face blitz on our fair land via a support stint with Def Leppard.

Unfortunately, however, their assault on the Castle came over as a bit of a damp squib. But if this wasn't enough, the already ill-fated Leppards had to cancel out their tour due to excessive fart-arsing about in the studios, leaving Anvil crestfallen and desperately in need of last minute gigs.

One can safely say that if it wasn't for two morale-boosting London shows there would have been a torturous set of morose, hang-dog expressions on the faces of these merchants of Maple Leaf Mayhem.

"When I came off stage, I almost felt like crying," admits Lips, a very soft spoken almost shy opposite to his bulbous-eyed, manic on stage persona. "I'm really upset because I don't feel like I've been here long enough, I haven't absorbed all there is to absorb. This society and this culture is just incredible beyond description. People here are so willing to except me as an equal, as a friend."

A STRANGE statement you may be thinking, but the fact is that over in Canada HM fans are regarded as social outcasts and what we consider a fairly innocuous uniform, i.e. denim and leather, attracts the mounties like flies to shit — well you get the picture.

"We're still a separate entity in Canada, I don't know how we've existed. If you play in a bar you get to be a bar band, and we've been kicking that system for five years. I mean kicking it, man. I feel like I'm running up a down escalator in Canada, but over here I feel like I've got jets on my shoes."

"The last two nights have changed my total view on the scene over here. Actually, I wasn't too depressed with Donington, though when I go back home I'm gonna have a lot of explaining to do. This trip cost us thirty thousand

dollars, which means I'm not gonna see a cent from the 'Metal On Metal' album but if the review of Donington isn't too damaging we'll be back."

On a less depressing note, Anvil may still return later this year and record their next album here, possibly at Pete Townshend's Eel Pie Studios, as they feel they could benefit from the British culture.

"This is where heavy metal happens," announces a determined Lips, "this is where it comes from. The audiences are indescribably — this is where the headbangers are. Everyone talks about headbangers back home, but they don't know what a real headbanger is. There are some guys who call themselves headbangers if they wear a denim jacket, but here, man, it's leather jackets, denims just covered in buttons and the way people

get into it... it isn't just polite clapping, or one or two guys nodding their heads. It's like fists in the air and metal on metal, the louder the better. It's something I've only seen in pictures before!!"

Dave Allison (rivvum/vocals), Rob Reiner (drums/percussion), Dix Dickson (bass) and, of course, the outrageous Lips make up Anvil. When you consider that Lips was Lemmy's first choice when 'Fast' Eddie departed you'll get an idea how tough these cookies can be.

"I don't give a f—k about money, that's not my trip. I just want to create the finest metal that has ever existed. I don't wanna be better than Motorhead or Iron Maiden, I just wanna be Anvil and write the heaviest songs there's ever been... that's all."

LIPS with chainsaw and... er... crystallised banana.



MAYHEM!

THE THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN BONNET:

"This band (MSG) has a different atmosphere to Rainbow."

"He (Roger Glover) loves being on stage ... showing off to all the girls. I'm not interested in that side of it, I'm concerned with playing good music, not posing."

"I think MSG were thinking that after Cozy quit them I would go as well but I believe in this band ... I'm not gonna leave just because one of my friends leaves."

"... when I realised Cozy wasn't going to leave (MSG) I said: 'OK, I'll come over to England to try it out,' and I'm glad I did because I think this band can be really big. Besides which, it's nice to be back with rock'n'rollers again."

"And the ridiculous thing is I haven't even got a foreskin."

Only days after Graham Bonnet's triumphant appearance at Michael Schenker's right hand uttering these very words in *Kerrang!* 23 the man finds himself redundant – a not unfamiliar position. The cause of this abrupt change in status was an untimely backstage row before a Reading Festival warm-up gig at Sheffield Poly, which signalled the end for the former Rainbow vocalist and the ultimate return of his predecessor, Gary Barden.

Bonnet, who judging from onlookers' observations, was more than slightly lubricated, started the aggro when he pulled rhythm guitarist/guitar roadie Steve Casey out from behind the amps. Casey, who normally stays 'invisible' throughout the set, was thus thrust into the spotlight and introduced as "the man who plays all the solos the German can't!"

This revelation was followed by Bonnet denouncing 'Cry For The Nations' as: "a piece of shit, but I have to sing it or I get fired!" and exposing himself in time-honoured Jim Morrison tradition, an act for which he's already been fined – apparently unjustly.

This was the final straw; manager Rob Cooksey jumped onstage, hauled Bonnet off and apparently made sure the man was on the first plane back to LA. Barden, who replaced Bonnet for the band's Reading show, is considering whether to remain with MSG and if he does there will surely be a more lucrative contract forthcoming.

Bonnet's absence was greeted with a welcoming cheer at the festival, so it's obvious Schenker won't suffer on that front. But what is he going to do with an album full of compositions co-written with the 'James Dean clone'?

THE POST-MORTEM has begun on this year's Reading Festival with the local authority apparently demanding £25,000 weekend rental for the site. This seems a mite excessive considering that the arena is nothing more than a



"Oh God, this might be the end of MSG."



"Thank God, this might be the end of MSG."



Steve Casey in recent pose.

grassed-over rubbish pit, and the festival must bring in a lot of extra revenue to the local retailers, publicans and hoteliers, a fact the council seem to have largely overlooked. The organisers are now considering other sites including the Milton Keynes Bowl. See ya Reading, it was nice knowing ya.

A & M, home of such rock'n' roll luminaries as **The Police**, **Styx**, **Y&T** and **The Go-Go's**, have at last cottoned onto a movement known

affectionately as the NWOBHM and signed all-girl trio **Rock Goddess**. The band are currently in the studio with **Motorhead/Girlschool** producer Vic Maile.

HONEY BEE BENSON is a lady DJ with Radio-Tele-Luxembourg and hosts a heavy rock programme broadcast to around six million listeners in Germany on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays between 6:00 and 7:00pm on 49.26m on the short wave band. (This piece comes courtesy of the International Affairs Desk, well, the tea room actually).

DESPITE RECEIVING widespread critical acclaim for their debut album 'Battle Hymns' AND having a three page spread in *Kerrang!* 22, **Manowar**, America's latest line in 'Barbarian Rock', have been dropped by their Record Company, Capitol. Apparently, though megabucks were sunk into promoting the band in the States they failed to recoup enough sales to warrant the company's continued interest. According to Capitol the US record industry has been hit sharply by the recession and they've been forced to cut back. Ross The Boss and co

simply hadn't shifted enough product and thus fell victim to the axe.

NEVER TURN your back on a custom guitar!!

Tom Petty, while rehearsing for a one-off festival appearance, had his entire guitar collection half-inched from the lot of Universal Studios in Hollywood. The thief escaped, guitars-in-hand, undetected. Aside from the usual stage guitars Tom lost several custom-built models, the total value of the heist amounting to around £10,000!!

THE LONDON Planetarium are staging a laser show in conjunction with the new **Rush** album 'Signals', scheduled to run until October 7. The show, which toured the States before coming here, will feature the entire album but will only be shown on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 6:00pm, 7:30 and 9:00. Tickets are priced at £2.50 for adults and £1.25 for under 16's.

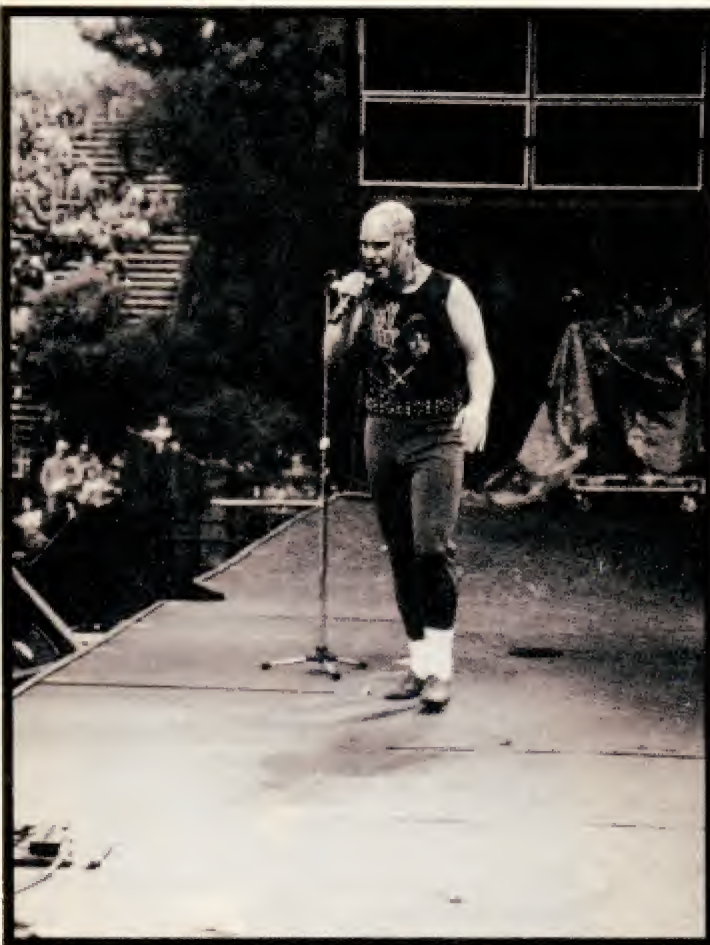
MAGNUM have just released a double single pack on Jet. One record contains two new tracks, 'Back To Earth' and 'Hold Back Your Love', while the other has two tracks, 'Soldier Of The Line' and 'Sacred Hour' recorded live while the band were on tour with **Ozzy Osbourne** earlier this year.

NEW YORK NEW

KISS are desperately trying to find a replacement for Ace Frehley in time for their forthcoming American tour. The masked wonders were spotted in New York's S I R rehearsal studios auditioning potential guitarists but apparently have yet to find the right man for the job. Meanwhile Ace himself has been hard at work in his basement recording studio laying down tracks for a solo project.

.38 SPECIAL were forced to cancel their big apple concert after Donnie Van Zandt suffered multiple set backs to his recent leg injury. The trouble started back in July when the singer leapt off the stage at a gig in New Mexico and tore several ligaments, however, like a true campaigner he battled on through the ensuing dates wearing a cast until the pain finally got so bad that the rest of the tour was postponed on the eve of the New York show. All remaining dates have now been re-scheduled for September/October and it looks extremely likely that .38 Special will be coming over to Britain shortly afterwards.

PAT TRAVERS fans may be interested to learn that the man has a new LP in the pipeline called 'Black Pearl' – he is currently in the studio with Ted Nugent and apparently sources reveal that he



Well Ozzy would go and do it wouldn't he! With his brand new shiny bonce gleaming in the spotlights, he was obviously a sitting target. A missile, thrown at him in America, took away the shine and covered it with blood. Perhaps the bats are getting their own back!

has also added a keyboard player to the line-up.

SAMMY 'master of insults' Hagar obviously bit off a little more than he could chew when he chose to make a few scathing comments about **Dave Lee Roth**. While **Ronnie Montrose** may be easy bait for Sammy, the Van Halen front man isn't prepared to let him off lightly. "Sammy Hagar has a social problem!" Roth recently told *Kerrang!* "Have you ever seen him up close, believe me you shouldn't have to! I've said it before and I will say it again, I've got the best legs in show business and they've got dancin' feet at the bottom." No wonder Hagar's pissed off - I'd lose sleep myself if I had to deal with that!

MAYHEM favourites **Motley Crue** have their debut album released on Elektra Records very shortly. The LP originally surfaced on the band's own independent Leathur Label some time ago and has of course scored well on import. You might be interested to learn that the Elektra version has been remixed by **Roy Thomas Baker**.

WHO MANIA is sweeping across America following the announcement of the band's forthcoming US tour. Their gig at

New York's legendary Shea Stadium sold out within hours and a second was swiftly added. It's rumoured to be the group's last Stateside outing!

YET another Rock 'n' Roller to contribute music for a movie is **Alice Cooper** who has written and recorded a brand new tune titled 'I Am The Future' for the film 'Class of 1984'. Meanwhile **Survivor's** 'Eye Of The Tiger' the theme tune for Rocky III has now sold more than two million copies in the States alone and looks set to become one of the biggest selling American singles for years.

MAKING a racquet: Back stage at a recent Madison Square Garden concert *Kerrang!* bumped into tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis sporting a **Billy Squier** T-shirt. He confessed at being an avid Heavy Metal fan and said that he goes to as many gigs as he possibly can. Vitas has actually set up a rock/tennis 'Superjam' at Forest Hills with his pal John McEnroe and Bjorn Borg, also keen rock enthusiasts. Among the music celebrities taking part are Carlos Santana and Meatloaf. The mind boggles at the prospect of seeing Mr Loaf charging round the tennis court - believe it or not he is set to play a few games.

STEVE GETT

TOUR DATES

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP, despite the recent departure of vocalist Graham Bonnet, have now lined up their biggest ever UK tour. The dates are Bristol Colston Hall November 21, Southampton Gaumont 22, Cardiff St David's Hall 23, Hammersmith Odeon 26-27, Newcastle City Hall 29-30, Edinburgh Playhouse December 1, Glasgow Apollo 2, Leicester de Montfort Hall 4, Liverpool Empire 5, Bradford St George's Hall 6, Birmingham Odeon 8-9, Nottingham Theatre Royal 10, Manchester Apollo 12-13, Sheffield City Hall 14-15. Ticket prices are £3.50, £4.00 and £4.50 except Edinburgh where they are £4.00 and £4.50 and Bradford £4.00 only. All tickets are now on sale except Bristol where they won't be available until October 20.

GILLAN embark on an extensive tour at the end of next month. The dates are: Guildford Civic Centre October 22, Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre 23, Portsmouth Guildhall 24, Nottingham Rock City 27, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 28, Preston Guildhall 29, Newcastle City Hall 30-31, Aberdeen Capitol Theatre November 4, Dundee Caird Hall 5, Glasgow Apollo 6, Edinburgh Playhouse 7, Carlisle Market Hall 8, Hanley Victoria Halls 10, Liverpool Empire 11-12, Manchester Apollo 13, Swansea Bragwyn Hall 15, Cardiff Top Rank 16, Ebbw Vale Leisure Centre 17, Bradford St George's Hall 19, Leeds University 20, Corby Festival Hall 21, Hull City Hall 22, Gloucester Leisure Centre 25, Bristol Colston Hall 26, St Austell Coliseum 27, Margate Winter Gardens 29, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 30, Poole Arts Centre December 3, Southampton Gaumont 4, Oxford Apollo 5, Brighton Dome 6. Support throughout will be **Spider** whose debut album 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsies' should be released to coincide with the tour. The band also play a series of headliners just prior to the start of the tour: Folkestone Leisuredrome September 24, Chichester Rock Society 25, Southall Heads 30, Cambridge Rock Society October 2, Whitney Palace Theatre 3, Oxford Penny Farthing 8, Gravesend Red Lion 9, London Marquee 14, Yeovil Rainbow Club 15, Bristol Granary 16.

ASIA will at last be venturing to British shores for a single date at Wembley Arena on October 27. The band have just completed a staggeringly successful US tour, with their debut album reportedly the fastest 'platinum' album ever recorded. Support will be **Chris Bliss**, an American Juggler.

Tickets are priced at £6.80 and £5.80 (inc. booking fee) from Asia Box Office, R.S. Tickets, PO Box 4RS, W1A 4RS. Cheques/postal orders should be made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd. Enclosing an SAE and allow three weeks for delivery. Tickets will also be available by personal application from Wembley Arena Box Office (01-902-1234) at £6.50 & £5.50; and from Keith Prowse Ltd (01-637-3131) at £6.50 & £5.50 plus booking fee.



Y & T, (above) whose 'Black Tiger' new album has just been released, have now been confirmed as support on the AC/DC tour with dates at Birmingham NEC 29-30, Leeds Queens Hall 1, Manchester Apollo 3, Newcastle City Hall 4, 5, 6, Glasgow Apollo 8-9, Edinburgh Playhouse 10-11, London Hammersmith Odeon 13, 14, 15, 16, London Wembley Arena 18-19, Dublin Royal Stadium 21-22.

DUMPY'S RUSTY BOLTS, currently on tour with the Blues Band, throw caution to the winds and play headliners at Palmers Green Cock Hotel October 7, and Lee Green Old Tigers Head 21.

MARILLION, who have just signed to EMI (tomorrow the world?), play the Manchester Gallery on September 23 with a series of one-night stands to be announced.

VICE VERSA, who hail from Bolton, play the Bolton Gaiety September 30, and Farnworth Golden Lion October 7 and 30 with more dates to be announced shortly.

THE HATFIELD POLY ELEPHANT HOUSE will be staging the following Sunday gigs: **Clientelle + Valhalla** September 28, **Limelight + Powerhouse HM Roadshow** October 10, **Clientelle + Black Tiger** October 31.

THE HATCHET JOB the fax behind the charts

Danke Schenker

'Dancer' by the **Michael Schenker Group**, the highest new entry on the HM singles chart (see page 2) looks set to become the band's third national hit, following the limited success of 'Armed And Ready' and 'Cry For The Nations' which both charted in 1980.

MSG's three albums: 'Michael Schenker Group', 'MSG' and 'One Night At Budokan' have all achieved an increasingly successful chart presence, while his forthcoming LP - 'Assault Attack', due in October - should continue this trend to become their most successful chart album.

Michael Schenker himself has previously been associated with two other successful heavy metal bands, the **Scorpions** (1971-74) and **UFO** (1974-78), though ironically commercial success only came to these outfits after he left them. Listed here is a breakdown of their subsequent respective national chart singles in order of sales:

UFO

Doctor Doctor (1979)
Lonely Heart (1981)
Young Blood (1980)
Shoot Shoot (1979)
Only You Can Rock Me (1978)

SCORPIONS

Is There Anybody There?/Another Piece Of Meat (1979)
Can't Live Without You (1982)
Love Drive (1979)
Make It Real (1980)
The Zoo (1980)

It is interesting to note that the Scorpions' 'The Zoo' is the equal *least* successful heavy metal single on the national chart scene, tying with another HM single by Angelwitch called 'Sweet Danger' (1980) (which incidentally gives Angelwitch the dubious distinction of being the least successful UK chart act of all time) - both records charting at number 75 for just one week.

Randy thoughts

Randy California's version of 'All Along The Watchtower' hits the HM singles chart at 24. Originally written and sung by Bob Dylan, the song received mass popular attention with the ultimate version by Jimi Hendrix in 1968 when it reached number 5 in the UK whilst peaking at number 20 in the U.S.A.

Randy California is of course a founder member of the legendary psychedelic sixties rock band Spirit, who surprisingly have only notched up one UK chart appearance (the 'Potatoland' LP from last year) and no chart singles despite achieving nine chart albums and five singles successes in the U.S.A. since their inception in 1968.

Hawks the slayers

Hawwind's 'Silver Machine' is edging its way up the HM singles chart (in picture disc form) and looks set to score on the national singles chart for the third time in ten years.

The two previous occasions saw this classic record (featuring Lemmy on over-dubbed lead vocal) reach number 3 in July of 1972 and number 34 in October 1978. The group's only other single success was achieved with 'Urban Guerilla' which charted in August 1973, and 'Shot Down In The Night' from July 1980.

Sabs discography

SINGLES

Fontana TF 1067 EVIL WOMAN (DON'T PLAY YOUR GAMES WITH ME)/Wicked World Jan. 1970
Vertigo V2 EVIL WOMAN (DON'T PLAY YOUR GAMES WITH ME)/Wicked World (reissue) Mar. 1970
Vertigo 6059 010 PARANOID/The Wizard Aug. 1970
Vertigo 6059 061 TOMORROW'S DREAM/Laguna Sunrise 1972
WWA WWS 002 SABBATH BLOODY SABBATH/Changes Dec. 1973
NEMS 6165 300 AM I GOING INSANE?/Hole In The Sky Feb. 1976
NEMS NES 112 PARANOID/SABBATH BLOODY SABBATH (reissue) 1977
Vertigo SAB 001 NEVER SAY DIE/She's Gone May 1978
Vertigo SAB 002 HARD ROAD/Symptom Of The Universe Sept. 1978
Vertigo SAB 3 NEON KINGHTS/Children Of The Sea (live) Jun. 1980
NEMS NES 101 PARANOID/Snowblind (reissue) Jun. 1980
Vertigo SAB 4 DIE YOUNG/Heaven And Hell Feb. 1981



BLACK SABBATH: Ronnie Dio fondles a metal maiden

Vertigo SAB 5 MOB RULES/Die Young Aug. 1981
Vertigo SAB 6 TURN UP THE NIGHT/Lonely Is The Word Jan. 1982
Vertigo SAB 612 (12" picture disc release of above) Jan. 1982
NEMS NEP 1 PARANOID/Iron Maiden (Picture Disc re-issue) Aug. 1982

ALBUMS

Vertigo VO 6 BLACK SABBATH Mar. 1970
Vertigo 6059 010 PARANOID Sept. 1970
Vertigo 6360 050 MASTER OF REALITY Jul. 1971
Vertigo 8360 071 BLACK SABBATH VOLUME 4 Sept. 1972
WWA 005 SABBATH BLOODY SABBATH Dec. 1973
WWA 006 BLACK SABBATH (reissue) Dec. 1973
WWA 007 PARANOID (reissue) Dec. 1973
WWA 008 MASTER OF REALITY (reissue) Dec. 1973
WWA 009 BLACK SABBATH VOLUME 4 (reissue) Dec. 1973
NEMS 6641 335 WE SOLD OUR SOULS FOR ROCK AND ROLL Dec. 1975
NEMS 9199 001 SABOTAGE Sept. 1975
NEMS NEL 6002 BLACK SABBATH (reissue) Jan. 1976
NEMS NEL 6003 PARANOID (reissue) Jan. 1976
NEMS NEL 6004 MASTER OF REALITY (reissue) Feb. 1976
NEMS NEL 6005 BLACK SABBATH VOLUME 4 (reissue) Feb. 1976
NEMS NELD 101 WE SOLD OUR SOULS FOR ROCK AND ROLL (reissue) Aug. 1976
Vertigo 9102 750 TECHNICAL ECSTASY Oct. 1976
NEMS NEL 6009 GREATEST HITS Dec. 1977
Vertigo 9102 751 NEVER SAY DIE Oct. 1978
Vertigo 9102 752 HEAVEN AND HELL Apr. 1980
NEMS NEL 6017 SABBATH BLOODY SABBATH (reissue) Jun. 1980
NEMS NEL 6018 SABOTAGE Jun. 1980
NEMS BS 001 LIVE AT LAST Jun. 1980
MERCURY 6100 2119 MOB RULES Nov. 1981

N.B. Any readers who have any "heavy metal" trivia questions that need answering, please drop me a line at: Luke Crampton, MRID, 57, Duke Street, London W.1.

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1 Sample A: 15, 30, 1, 2, 12
Sample B: 19, 35, 9, 4, 30

i. Which has the larger average, A or B?
ii. Which has the larger Standard Deviation?

2 1981 wages: £2 600 p.a.
1982 wages raised to £73 p.w.
(for 52 week period)
What is the percentage increase?

3 If $v = \frac{2}{3}a + b$ and $r = 2$ What is the value of V?

4 $3x = 20 + \left[\frac{66317.0015}{208341} (2)^2 + 21 \right] \left[\frac{4}{\sqrt{248832}} \right]$
Find the value of X

5 $R = \left[\frac{\sin \frac{\pi}{4} - \cos \frac{\pi}{4} + 3}{\log 3} \right]^{-1}$
What is the value of R?

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A RUSH OF OLD AGE

RUSH
'Signals'
(Mercury 6337 243)

THE TROUBLE with life, the universe and everything is that nothing is getting any younger. I recognise this as I get up every morning and look in the mirror; Rush recognise it whenever they come to record a new album.

Neil Peart is no longer the naive, young idealist who scripted the epic fantasies of 'By-Tor And The Snow Dog' and '2112'. While his politics may not have shifted any closer to liberalism he has found a whole new set of preoccupations with which to concern himself – notably the isolatory effect of 'hi-tech' on the human psyche and the increasing realisation that he is growing older, mellow and, he feels, not particularly wiser. The result, as John Osborne discovered before him, is not a growing enlightenment but rather confusion:

"Thirty years ago, how the words would flow/With passion and precision,/But now his mind is dark and dulled/By sickness and indecision" ('Losing It').

The aftermath of this philosophising is an album that, while lyrically possibly Peart's finest and musically finding Rush extending their boundaries to incorporate reggae, I fear may ultimately disappoint long-standing fans.

It would be stretching the terminology of the genre even to describe this as 'hard rock'; only the final track 'Countdown' with its overdubbed NASA commentaries and soaring helicopters, could realistically be referred to as 'heavy'. Indeed, Lifeson's guitars periodically take second place in the mix, to Lee's increasingly dominant keyboards. Lee's voice, meanwhile, though something of an acquired taste, proves particularly adept on 'Digital Man' and manages to tug every last iota of poignancy from the superb 'Losing It'.

Highlights are the child-like romance of 'The Analog Kid', the Police-style white-reggae of the new single 'New World Man' and the touching desperation of the afore mentioned 'Losing It'. The production and musicianship are customarily immaculate, though, there are one or two down-spots, like the plagiarising of Manfred Mann's



RUSH: accepting the mantle of middle-age with dignity

KUTS

'No Guarantee' on 'The Weapon'.

Approach this album with an open mind and you'll appreciate the beauty of Rush's acceptance of the mantle of middle-age. But if you're expecting another volume of high-flying Metal then I'm afraid you'll be sorely disappointed. DAVE DICKSON

HUGHES-THRALL
'Hughes-Thrall'
(CBS Boulevard advance copy)

TO PLUNGE without ceremony into business, this is one of the most impressive debut albums I've heard in a long, long time. But then again, it's hardly surprising when one considers that the record comprises the talents of two of the hard rock world's finest musicians. Glen Hughes is not only an excellent bassist but he also possesses one of the most soulful voices in the business. Listen to the man – he's more than just a screamer. His partner in crime, Pat Thrall, is an extremely prolific axeman

and together they make a great team.

They began working on this project over a year ago following Thrall's departure from the Pat Travers Band. Hughes had been living in Los Angeles since Purple days and he needed someone of Thrall's calibre to revitalise his career. Within a short space of time the pair had secured a healthy publishing deal and by the beginning of this year had begun working on an album. The recording of the first Hughes-Thrall LP actually spanned quite a lengthy period in the studios but, believe me, it was time well spent. At last the results are in and now it's time to let the music do the talking...

Side one kicks off with the electric 'I Got Your Number', which contains a killer lead break from PT. The ensuing three cuts have a somewhat lighter edge and are obviously aimed at securing airplay in the American radio market. Don't be fooled into thinking that these tunes are at all 'wimpy', though – basically they're a subtle

blend of light and hard rock. Indeed, it's the diversity in the music that makes this platter particularly appealing.

'Muscle And Blood' closes the first half in Zeppelinesque fashion, then the second side blasts off with the punchy 'Hold Out Your Life'. The quality of the material is sustained with 'Who Will You Run To' and 'Coast To Coast' but it's on the final item that Hughes-Thrall really hit home. Titled 'First Step Of Love', the closing number is the longest track on the LP and without doubt the best. The verses have a haunting effect and gradually an awesome atmosphere is created. Glenn's vocal work is superb, as is Pat's axework, and I defy any hard rock fan not to get off on this one. It also emphasises the top-notch knob-twiddling of producer Andy Johns who's done a great job throughout.

Enough of this verbal garbage though – listen to the album and decide for yourself. Somehow I think you're gonna like what you hear. STEVE GETT

THE WHO
'It's Hard'
(Polydor WHOD 5066)

IT'S HARD on the Who alright. Up there with the Rolling Stones as one of the greatest rock 'n' roll bands still stalking stages they've long set the sort of standards by which almost every other group is judged. Their 'sixties hits like 'My Generation' and 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' sent them off at a blistering pace while the milestone that was 'Tommy' saw them crunch into overdrive. Now that they're ageing into the eighties — without Keith Moon keeping them competition crazy — it must be hard to sustain the momentum.

Doubly so Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and former Face Kenny Jones when the man in the middle, Pete Townshend, keeps all his best songs for his solo album and leaves them with material that's mediocre and scrappy. In comparison with the triumphant 'All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes' LP this new Who collection comes a very poor second. And as the band launch into another massive tour to promote it out will come the old knives...

Which, to be sure, they don't deserve. It's quite obvious at even a first listening that the Who *en masse* have put a lot of sweat into the making of this album. Roger Daltrey is in fine vocal form (if occasionally prone to a little Springsteenian bluster) while the rest of the boys steam in with the sort of strong arm stuff they've been serving up for probably longer than they care to remember. The arrangements crash, thunder and roar round the stereo while veteran producer Glyn Johns keeps control in his usual, masterful way.

But the truth is that no amount of inspired echo effects or clever chordings can turn a bad song into a good one. And even though the twelve on this album do improve slightly with each subsequent spin, they rarely burst into flame and only flicker at best.

'It's So Hard' itself threatens to do damage, as do 'Cooks County', 'A Man Is A Man' and 'Cry If You Want' but not one has Huge Hit Single written all over it... and for a band whose success has been measured in blockbusters that must spell near disaster. **CHAS DE WHALLEY**

COLD CHISEL
'Circus Animals'
(Polydor Super Pols 1065)

AUSSIE ROCKERS have a lot to live up to after AC/DC, and Cold Chisel are a definite asset to the land that's given us Fosters, Barry McKenzie and that Young bloke's knees!

'Circus Animals' is actually the band's fifth album, though it's the first to be released here. One of their earlier LPs was in the Australian charts for six months, and they're also a top concert attraction at home, supporting the likes of Rod Stewart and Foreigner as well as packing out concert halls in their own right. They've also toured the States with Ted Nugent, Joe Walsh and Cheap Trick.

So what have they got to offer? Hard rock rather than Heavy Metal, with enough subtlety and variety to hold your interest. Confusingly, the album opens with a standard HM track written by lead vocalist Jim Barnes. It's riffy, macho, clichéd, the sort of thing that probably comes over well live but made me wonder if I was going to be able to sit through 10 tracks... but surprise, surprise, it's hard to believe the rest of the album is by the same band! It's full of unexpected twists and turns proving there's more to CC than meets the ear.

Just when I was ready to write them off as another competent HM band, they switched to pomp-rock, then to a poppy ballad with a Latin beat, and then to one of the album's best track 'Taipan', a thunderous assault on the eardrums with crashing power-chords reminiscent of UFO and a guitar solo that goes screaming into overdrive at the end. Great stuff!

Side two is equally interesting with some competent guitar breaks and good vocal harmonies in among the riffola stuff. I liked 'No Good For You', which made them sound like a less pompous Boston.

Stars of the show are singer Jim Barnes who has an impressive vocal range, and, surprisingly, drummer Steve Prestwich who adds some unexpectedly creative touches. The band have been together since '77 and it's a pity it took them so long to get over here, even on vinyl.

Cold Chisel bores into your brain. Check 'em out. **JILL ECKERSLEY**

AEROSMITH: Steven Tyler gobbles up another mike

HARD 'N' DIRTY

AEROSMITH
'Rock In A Hard Place'
(CBS Records advance copy)

TO BE quite frank, I've always been a die-hard Aerosmith fanatic. From the day I first procured a copy of the classic 'Dream On' it was instant addiction. Over the years the boys from Boston have delivered a string of high-grade rock 'n' roll albums: 'Toys In The Attic', 'Get Your Wings', 'Rocks'... the list goes on. During the seventies the band became huge in their native America and always seemed to have a steady cult following in Britain. Aerosmith were very much a force to be reckoned with.

However, when their last studio LP 'A Night In The Ruts' surfaced back in '79 it was announced that guitarist Joe Perry had left the band. The news came as a bitter disappointment since Perry and vocalist Steven Tyler had been the spearhead of Aerosmith's attack and many cited the axeman's departure as the start of the group's demise.

And, to be frank, it's been a pretty tough ride for Tyler's gang over the past couple of years. Jimmy Crespo was enlisted as Perry's replacement and the band

subsequently went back on the road but gradually Aerosmith were to gig less and less. Some blamed their inactivity on Steven Tyler's health — whatever the reason things became very quiet on the Aerosmith front.

It therefore came as a great relief to hear that the band has started work on a new LP earlier this year. And finally it's arrived in the form of 'Rock In A Hard Place'. I'm happy to report that the wait has definitely been worthwhile and after continual spins over the past few days I'm convinced that the record will stand as one this year's output from Priest, this year's output from Priest, Van Halen and the Scorpions.

It's possibly the band's best LP to date and proves beyond all doubt that Aerosmith was always very much Tyler's baby.

From the vicious opening track 'Jailbait' the band never let up — the intensity is maintained throughout. I'm not going to give you a track-by-track run down of the material, my advice is pure and simple: if you like hard 'n' dirty, mean 'n' moody rock 'n' roll played at its best then get a hold of 'Rock In A Hard Place'... FAST!

Get the message? — **STEVE GETT**



IMPORTS

TORONTO: 'Get It On Credit' (Solid Gold Records SGR 1011 Canada)

ASIDE FROM possessing an album title which has been my personal motto of late, Toronto, hailing from (you guessed it) Toronto, have come up with their third magnificent hard pop/rock album in as many years.

Gone are bassist Nick Costello and drummer Jimmy Fox but the nucleus of the band remains and, thanks to the inspired songwriting of (mainly) Brian Allen and Scott Kreyer, who have the happy knack of penning irresistible melodies with enough balls to set the adrenalin racing, the Toronto sound is still intact.

The guitars of Allen and the gorgeous Sharon Alton blend immaculately with Kreyer's interesting keyboard fills and when you know that Toronto possess the next Ann Wilson (only better) in Holly Woods a happy, heavy album is only natural. 'Break Down The Barricades', 'Sick 'N' Tired' and 'Start Tellin' The Truth' will convince you that 'Get It On Credit' is an essential purchase. Barclaycards at the ready!

HEADPINS: 'Turn It Loud' (Atco SD38-US)

YET AGAIN Canada produces a new hard rock band, the problem being that Headpins do not suit their homeland, renowned as it is for classy, melodically orientated outfits. Headpins aren't interested in subtlety — they just

attempt to drive you into submission via riff upon riff. Now this can work when you can think up instant rhythms that stick with the listener like a well-glued toupé, but when it's badly executed things really can become dire and tiresome.

Brian Macleod and Bill Henderson, stalwarts of pop rockers Chilliwack, have produced and written most of Headpins material and I'd wager that they're also band members (no musicians credits are given). A method of getting the heavier side of your writing out on vinyl? I'd guess so, but the likes of 'Winnin'' and 'Don't Ever Leave Me' are so tiresomely heavy and boring that the sooner Chilliwack is resurrected the better!

One bright spot — singer Daryl Mills has an incredibly powerful larynx which could be well useful when directed into the right area.

ACCEPT: 'Restless And Wild' (Brain — Germany)

ACCEPT ARE without doubt the heaviest Metal band in the world! A statement which is bold as brass, but no bolder than this five-piece German Panza division's music.

'Restless And Wild' is heavy, heavy, heavy (get the picture) but, in contrast to Headpins, it wastes nothing in its approach. Boredom never once rears its head as each riff, from the opener 'Fast As A Shark' to the epic closer 'Princess Of The Night', hits you right in the ruts (misprint). Wolf Hoffman and new boy Jan Kommet surround

you with so many hot licks that there's no way out! Nor does Udo Dirkschneider let you off lightly with a sterling, screeching performance admirably suited to the bulldozer background.

Accept could be instantly huge in the UK given the correct backing and I guarantee that they'll be personally hunted down and interviewed for this mag... pronto!

CLOCKS: 'Clocks' (Boulevard Records ARZ 37981 US)

MIKE FLICKER, responsible for the underrated Silver Condor album, has now turned his dab hand to a four-piece heavy pop band with new wave pretensions and produced an album that's well worth checking out.

Despite looking a real bunch of uglies, Clocks produce what can best be described as happy rock. 'She Looks A Lot Like You' for instance, is simple while never being simplistic, employing vaguely Cars-ish synth swirls and a strong drum sound which provides the band with a sturdy backbone.

In addition, bassist Jerry Sumner's pseudo-new wave voice doesn't annoy as much as might be expected and there are some fine songs here ('Here They Come', 'When She Puts You Down'), which is a damn good job because '19' is a truly horrendous piece of trash which tends to put you off... falsely.

CHAIN REACTION: 'X Rated Dream' (Attic LAT 1135 Canada)

A FOUR-piece from Canada. Chain Reaction's plan for world domination hinges on Warren Barbour's riff-minded guitar bludgeoning all and sundry into submission. Lips from Anvil is the ultimate Canadian purveyor of such a philosophy but carries it off with far more verve than poor Warren, who seems to have a very good idea of how to head nowhere.

He does attempt a Van Halen rip-off as an intro to 'Sea Of Flames' but this does little for the song or his credibility, and bright spots are actually few and far between. Bassist Ray Lessard's occasional layered synth work, best displayed on 'Baby Let Me Go All Night' is the highspot of 'X Rated Dream' but Phil Naro's voice is too ordinary to cause a stir. That's it! The album's not bad... just ordinary!

MARCY LEVY: 'Marcella' (Epic ARE 37688 — US)

MARCY LEVY is an exceptionally pretty young woman who plays music which can adequately be equated with softer Pat Benatar. 'It's impossible for anyone to be softer than Benatar', I hear you cackle, but mock not, for the absence of considerable quantities of power-chording only serves to enhance Marcy's

beautiful voice and the generally strong nature of the album's songs, written in the main by Marcy with (boyfriend?) Richard Feldman.

Ideal music for freeway cruisin' — hard enough to please while avoiding the sort of frenzied peaks that could lead to swerves and crashes. 'Close To Her' and 'All My Love' are the standout numbers on an album which occasionally dips into mediocrity and is thus robbed of 'essential purchase' status. Promising though!

707: 'Megaforce' (Boardwalk — NB1 33253-US)

707, BY performing the title track for a film, are obviously hoping to repeat Survivor's success but as the film hasn't got off the ground nor are 707 flying high... which is a shame.

'Megaforce' is an album of professional hard rock with a professionally American sound, and while it adds little to rock's annals in terms of innovation, it does have the ability to appeal to aficionados of this type of music myself included.

It would be wrong to claim that 'Megaforce' is worthy of import purchase in these days of horribly inflated prices (and how far away is the £10 American import?) but it does have plenty of sound moments such as the title track 'Hello Girl', with its gorgeous shimmering piano line, and the thoughtful ballad 'Out Of The Dark'. A much harder release than 707's first two albums incidentally.

FREDDIE SALEM AND THE WILDCATS: 'Cat Dance' (Epic ARE 38018)

DESPITE BEING assured that Outlaw Freddie's solo album was a stunner in the Aldo Nova class, after repeated spins it still has nothing to offer unless you go for an overdose of tiresome Southern guitar licks, wholly matched by tired songs and lyrics (yes, people still record songs called 'Rock 'N' Roll Woman'!)

The synth opener 'Dark Horizon' suggests Novaesque qualities but falls down faster than Toots Daley after a heavy drinking session and the seven minute monster 'London Town' is every bit as dull as a wet afternoon in our capital. The presence of Pat Benatar's drummer Myron Grombacher does nothing to liven up the proceedings and the best I can say for Freddie is that he's got a nice album cover. The Wildcats are in need of a preening; maybe Dave Dickson could provide a manicure!

HOWARD JOHNSON



CHAIN REACTION: (above) ordinary. **MARCY LEVY:** softer than Benatar!



PETE WAY (and his train set)

"MY PARENTS bought me my first engine, then I added to it a few years later, and it all just went from there. I've always been fascinated by trains. I suppose, I collect them as a form of relaxation — I'm a fan of

extremes. I've now got about 20, including some old Hornby ones which are probably the most valuable, and whenever I'm travelling and I see something interesting I buy it. . . it's safe and it keeps me off the streets."



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— **AC/DC** —

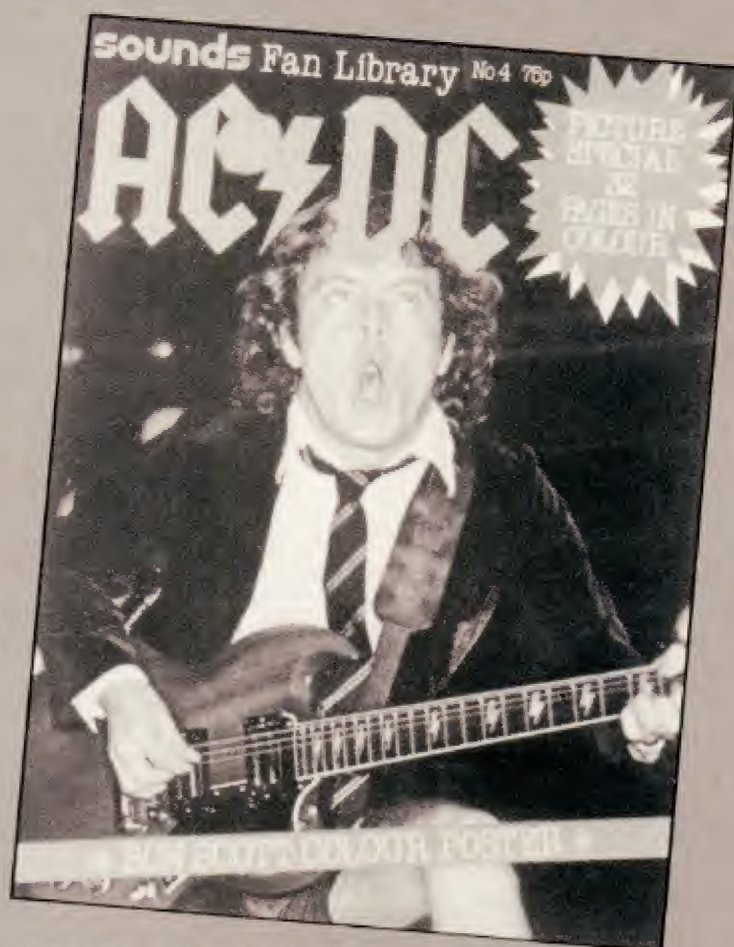
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NEWSAGENTS TODAY!**



TOP OF THE PILE

DIAMOND HEAD: 'In The Heat Of The Night' (MCA). Like the previous single 'Call Me' this is part of the band's slower-paced repertoire in which they show that to be really heavy there's no need to be really fast. Too often bands are literally trying to run before they can walk by writing material at break-neck speed. Diamond Head clearly know better because this is marvellous! Drums, bass, guitars and, of course, Shaun Harris's superb vocals all come together for a single that just oozes strength and class. The double seven-inch version also includes two live tracks ('Play It Loud' and 'Sweet And Innocent' recorded last May - probably at the Zig Zag Club), and a 14-minute interview on the fourth side. A teasing taster for the album. As long as they can produce records of this quality they're surely heading for the top.

BEATEN BY A SHORT HEAD RUSH: 'New World Man' (Mercury). Lyricist/drummer/mainman Neil Peart is much misunderstood. Many have simply dismissed recent Rush albums as pretentious without really absorbing what's included. Much of the material needs time to grow. Perhaps bearing this in mind, Rush have come up with a very immediate sounding single - a cut from the forthcoming LP 'Signals'. Musically it reminded me at first of the 'Police', but really it isn't too far from the Canadian trio's recent works while lyrically (and I can't pretend to have sussed even yet) it appears to describe a man trying hard to cope with the changing modern world and all it throws at

him. I hesitate to suggest the man is Neil himself, but I would certainly like to know for sure. Excellent song, however, and probably chart material.

RICK SPRINGFIELD: 'What Kind Of Fool Am I' (RCA) Well, nobody's as far as I can gather, Rick. Rick Springfield, America's number one recording artist, 'General Hospital' mega-doctor and all-round good guy, is the typical Hollywood teen heart-throb, though with a couple of differences. Firstly, he's Australian. Secondly, the guy has talent. The two sides of this single are jaunty pop numbers dealing in adolescent angst that Springfield manages to instill with a certain wry observation. A hit. (PS. What happened to the question mark, Rick?)

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO OUR SONG? BLACKFOOT: 'Highway Song' (Atco). A strangely edited version of this great song. It's live, but it fades in for the lyrical portion then fades out again just as the guitar ending gets going - ridiculous! Is it really worth Atco releasing six different recordings

like this? I suggest we all ignore this offering and buy the album to console ourselves.

NOT IN FRONT OF THE NEIGHBOURS WENDY AND LEMMY: 'Stand By Your Man' (Bronze). The much-anticipated (last) straw that broke Fast Eddie's back... No wonder he walked out - this is AWFUL! Predictably tasteless and guaranteed to offend all country and western fans, as well as large numbers of Heavy Metal devotees too I shouldn't wonder. OK for a laugh if you're only going to hear it once but you'll need a twisted sense of humour to want to hear it again. For true noise fans only!

ORE: 'Your Time Will Come' (Bandit). This'll have 'em decimating cardboard Stratocasters in the aisles. Bludgeon rock 'n' roll that steams along with all the power and subtlety of a rogue juggernaut in heat (am I allowed to say things like that in Kerrang!?) But will it sell? Well, the Metal discs will buy it, the die-hard headbangers too (Yeah, that's you, squire), but the general public and Simon

Bates will remain totally indifferent. Sod 'em. Side two has some tasteful gravelly vocals in a song about jaundice or something. Pretty nifty lads, when's the next one?

BACK FROM BEYOND DEDRINGER: 'Hot Lady' (Neat). After over a year's absence the boys from Leeds are back complete with new singer, label and logo! With bass pumping and drum thumping in traditional DEDRINGER 'rock-for-the-sheer-hell-of-it' mood, they sound as good as they ever did. The other half of this double A-side is entitled 'Hot Licks And Rock 'N' Roll' which just about says it all... no messages - just boogie!

SURPRISE, SURPRISE TYTAN: 'Blind Men And Fools' (Kamaflage) Atmospheric intro leading into a Kevin Riddles song which conjures up mediaeval images as it switches between a stomping lommi-type riff and a hell for leather chorus. The line-up responsible for this is supposedly only temporary but Tytan would do well to reconsider that... bodes well for their future.

STARS, STRIPES AND DECIBELS Y&T: 'Don't Wanna Lose' (A & M) Recorded in England with Ozzy's engineer Max Norman who's happily squeezed some good British muscle into this classy slice of San Franciscan Metal. Listening to them at Reading it struck me how David Meniketti often sang like Hager... same here too. A good commercial song with a great sound.

ZOETROPE: 'The Right Way' (Zoetrope). This is two years old apparently but the lead guitarist's stage act includes setting his arms on fire so they must be worthy of some attention... if only in a burns unit. Chicago band with a nice line in class lyrics and weird melodies that rattle around your head days later. Different certainly but rather good with it.

DEUCE: 'I'm Saved' (Manta) More American hopefuls and another single not particularly recent. An horrendous scratch almost prevented me telling you just how much this sounds like Judas Priest's 'Sinner', but apart from the vinyl trench it's quite acceptable if unoriginal. Far more acceptable is the B-side which is also like JP... and also scratched.

SWEDISH METAL BEHOMOTH: 'Death Wings' (Behemoth). Good Eddie Van Halenesque intro preceeds a lot of fast and furious riffing/drumming. Very heavy but no real tune. Definite potential as backing music for that little spot of demolition you've been planning.

DIAMOND HEAD: it's all right lads you can come out now, you've got a good review

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY
NEIL JEFFRIES



BARON ROJO



THE RODS

**Rock
Feinstein**



pic by Laura Levine

WHILE MOST bands travel around the States by plane or in a luxury tour bus, The Rods weren't so fortunate during a brief stint on the road with Rainbow. Due to an extremely tight budget, the group was forced to motor about in a cramped mini-bus a long way from being comfortable. With outside temperatures in the 80's the absence of any air-conditioning left everyone gasping for breath, it was little wonder that the vehicle soon became known as 'The Greenhouse'. You had to sympathise with the powerhouse trio – they deserve better than this.

My recent encounter with the band started in Norfolk, Virginia, the opening date on the second leg of Rainbow's current US trek. Feinstein and his comrades arrived at the venue around five in the afternoon looking totally shattered – hardly surprising really since they'd just had to endure a lengthy spell in 'The Greenhouse'. Nevertheless, spirits remained high and they were soon checking out the local female supply!

Some three hours later it was showtime and The Rods emerged on stage to deliver a fine hard rocking set. It was good to hear tunes from the current 'Wild Dogs' LP played with even more aggression than on vinyl and it wasn't long before the band had won the crowd over. It's strange, but although The Rods have scored well in the UK, they've yet to hit home in their native America. Basically, they appear to be suffering from lack of exposure but wherever they play they seem to go down well.

After the show in Norfolk the lads resumed their quest for 'wimmin' and within five or 10 minutes there were some sordid scenes taking place in their dressing room. For the sake of decency I won't go into details! Eventually though, the party had to be cut short as the band returned to 'The Greenhouse' for a two-hour drive to the next town. Rock Feinstein and drummer Carl Canedy occupied the back seats and were soon reminiscing about the good times they'd had in England earlier this year. Clearly the UK has been a happy hunting ground for the wild dogs.

Rock: "It was just fantastic. We had great food, the people were great, especially the chicks –

everything was great."

Carl: "Yeah, especially the fans. I mean they're really hardcore. They know what they like and really believe in the music. You don't get that in the States."

How did you enjoy recording in England?

Rock: "It was fine, the only problem was that we didn't really have much time. We'd like to have spent longer in the studios. Working with Martin (Pearson) was good though. He's a good engineer and he made things real easy for Carl and myself when it came to the production."

Carl: "The thing that particularly impressed me about Martin was that he was prepared to take our ideas and work on them rather than try to impose his own. It takes a good person to be able to do that because a lot of people would let their ego get in the way of things. I'd really like to record with him again. After he did the 'Metal-Rendezvous' album with Krokus they wouldn't work with him again – I don't think that would be the case with us."

Rock: "That was because he didn't make them sound like AC/DC!"

Carl: "Swissy-DC – that's our nickname for them. I mean any band that goes out of their way to sound like another... gimme a break. Either quit or find your own thing."

Have people ever compared you to other bands?

Rock: "Not really – they haven't found a band bad enough yet!"

How do you feel about the 'Wild Dogs' album in comparison to your first one?

Rock: "It's different. Every album a band does has to be slightly different but at the same time still retain the identity of the group and I think we managed to do that. I also feel that this one sounds like an English album."

Carl: "We set out to make the heaviest album we could and we did it. When you put that record on it's just scary. It's so heavy. But having said that, it would have been nice to have spent more time in the studios. The trouble is that we were on such a limited budget."

Rock: "We had to do it all in two weeks, which was ridiculous!"

Carl: "The thing is, we have some songs that would lend themselves to some very heavy

production but you can't do in a fortnight what actually takes two or three months."

How stifling is the budget you're on?

Rock: "Very stifling!"

Carl: "Arista in England have been really good to us, but the people over here... well, no I wouldn't say anything bad about the record company we're on in America." (There's more than a hint of sarcasm in his tone)

Rock: "Nor would I – aside from the fact that they stink!"

Carl: "Well, look at the situation. Here we are doing an interview, you're able to sip champagne in a nice air-conditioned bus (he's kidding by the way!). You saw the chicks we could have taken with us but we decided not to bring them. You can see the kind of money that's being put into the band. Here we are in a rented van with no air conditioning – it's just fantastic for us. I know you must be enjoying it as much as we are."

Rock: "Actually we've got millions being pumped into the band – we just don't want anybody to think we're rich!"

Carl: "We're a pack of wild dogs. Even with no-one behind us besides our manager we'll still go out and play because that's the way we are."

The conversation then returns to the subject of 'wimmin' (surprise, surprise – Ed) and once again I can't repeat what my poor innocent Kerrang! ears are subjected to! The Rods' first love may well be music but

fraternising with females doesn't come far behind. Don't they ever worry about the parents of the young ladies who come to the gigs?

Carl: "No, not unless they have a nice looking mother! In fact a mother-daughter team is a great combination... to tell you the truth, though, we've actually sworn off women and anything luxurious and we're going to become monks. We're gonna travel in 'The Greenhouse' every day we play. We've refused money. They brought us a tour bus and we said 'Take it away – we are monks and we shall suffer for our craft'."

Joking aside, it must be pretty frustrating for you at this stage?

Rock: "Totally. What makes it frustrating is that we're ready to do anything. This is what we live for and what we do. All we care about is playing and writing. We've had so many offers but without any support from the record company there's no way we can do them. It's depressing but we aren't gonna quit. We'll keep going. The thought of being at home kills us – we need to be out there."

Too true! It's certainly a tough period for The Rods and one can only hope they pull through.

Following the gig in Norfolk, we pressed on to Washington DC where, once again, Feinstein and co performed a rousing set. The Rods are currently playing a few dates with Judas Priest but other than those gigs little else seems to be lined up for them.

Depressing, huh?



SPARE THE ROD

But you won't find a spoilt child here. STEVE GETT obtains a bit of 'luxury' with Rock Feinstein and his boys

pic by Ross Halfin



BRUCE ON THE LOOSE!

Iron Maiden's Bruce Dickinson hangs out with Dante Bonutto

THE EDIBLE yellow boomerang (i.e. banana) that bounced off the pate of Dave Edmund's drummer at last month's Reading Festival may appear unworthy of mention in a feature on Iron Maiden (a band with no apparent contacts in the world of fruit 'n' veg), but its repercussions should not be underestimated.

Reading, as well as providing today's 'multiple-day eventgoer' with ample opportunity for a bank holiday binge, also plays annual host to those involved behind the scenes - record companies, press, marketing men, promoters, advertisers, managers, the whole shebang. And while the dull thud of missile on unsuspecting scalp probably won't have been detected by Kremlin or Whitehouse, the aforementioned business elements, ensconced either in the central 'liggers enclosure' or in one of the backstage tents, video-linked to outfront events, will have it noted.

A good reception at Reading

creates ripples that can find their way deep into international waters though, by the same token, a sound 'canning' (or 'plastic-cupping' as it will be from now on), can cause reputations to crumble almost overnight. Unless a band has the same perverse desire to self-destruct as Tank, Reading 'Aunt Sallies' of '82, it's a festival that must be taken seriously and prepared for with care.

This year it was the Maiden camp that seemed most aware of the need for an on-the-night delivery. The band are no strangers to the festival having played second on the bill to UFO in 1980. But the crossover appeal of 'Run To The Hills', the chart-topping success of 'Number Of The Beast', the album, and the generally encouraging reverberations from recent sorties to Europe and America, had assured them this time around of the Saturday night headliners slot - arguably the most prestigious of the weekend. Being the band's first festival headliner anywhere in the world,

all personnel were inevitably under a fair degree of strain, and no-one more so than new(ish) vocalist Bruce Dickinson. Last year and the year before, he'd taken the Reading stage with Samson, still, at that time, a 'mid-afternoon group' trying to break onto the major circuit, but now it was a case of going out with the bill-toppers for the most important gig of his, and indeed Maiden's career.

"We were very nervous for the first half of the set," he admits. "Up until 'The Prisoner' it was like 'Oh, my God', but after that we stopped shaking and really started to fly. In America we played a festival in front of 75,000 people and nobody was too apprehensive, there was no wobblers or anything, but three or four days before the Reading show we were literally shaking-terrified."

To acknowledge this festival appearance in style, a private party has been organised for the band in a backstage tent the day after the gig, with private the

operative word. Despite having arranged to meet up with Bruce and co somewhere to the left of the sausage rolls, my attempts to gain entry are consistently foiled by an on-the-door heavy who avoids all pertinent probing by simply playing dumb (not difficult). It's all a long, long way removed from the Bridge House.

Through sheer stubbornness, however, I eventually make my point and, after three sixes have been stamped on the back of my hand, a mark common to all legitimate liggers, I enter the hallowed portals and join Bruce at one of the canopied tables. "Y'know, the Reading Festival is the hardest in the world," he confides in earnest, "because - and it's a good thing - the audience is so critical. They've no respect for reputations. The biggest, most sought-after rock star there is can die a death here if he does a lousy show."

Determined not to kick the continues page 26

IRON MAIDEN





pic by Ross Halfin

bucket under the glare of the business spotlight, the band had flown in from the States a week or so before the festival proper (visually on the ball, *Police 5* viewers may have noticed a be-hatted Bruce at this year's Donington mud-spreed), for two warm-up gigs, announced locally, at Chippenham and Poole. The abrupt change of climate, a drop of some 20 degrees, gave the latter a few throat problems, but a mini-convalescence, Trappist style, ensured a healthy larynx for the Reading show.

IN THE event, however, it was a disappointment. The band tried hard enough and Bruce's performance, honed from extensive Stateside gigging where the need to project is vital, touched an all-time high. But the staging was by and large the same as on the last UK tour (something a little special for Reading would have been appreciated), and the sound did them no favours whatsoever.

Steve Harris' fast-fingered bass work normally tends to be prominent in the Maiden mix but, on this occasion, a questionable PA often allowed the Murray-Smith guitar combine to be totally overwhelmed by the rhythm, though things levelled out somewhat for the three encores.

"I checked out the sound on Friday and I was disappointed too," says Bruce, "there's been a number of problems on that front this year. A lot of bands have got this terrible, distorted sound, like the PA ain't big enough to cope, and that can be very frustrating. What happened towards the end of our set was we managed to persuade the Council to let us use an extra four dbs. But the sound always seems to be a problem at festivals in England.

"Most of the trouble we had was specifically with the bass. At times you couldn't hear it at all and then suddenly it would come steaming through and obliterate everything else. At one point Davey (Murray) couldn't even hear his guitar, so he had to play a solo with his back to the audience and his head in the cab. That was another reason for panic."

Auditory upsets aside, however, the band were clearly glad to be back in front of their home crowd. Bruce's assurance to the latter that they were the "best rock 'n' roll audience in the world", came over as rather false – the sort of thing bands say to crowds every night no matter where they are (remember Van Halen?) – but behind the ritual lurked a definite sense of relief.

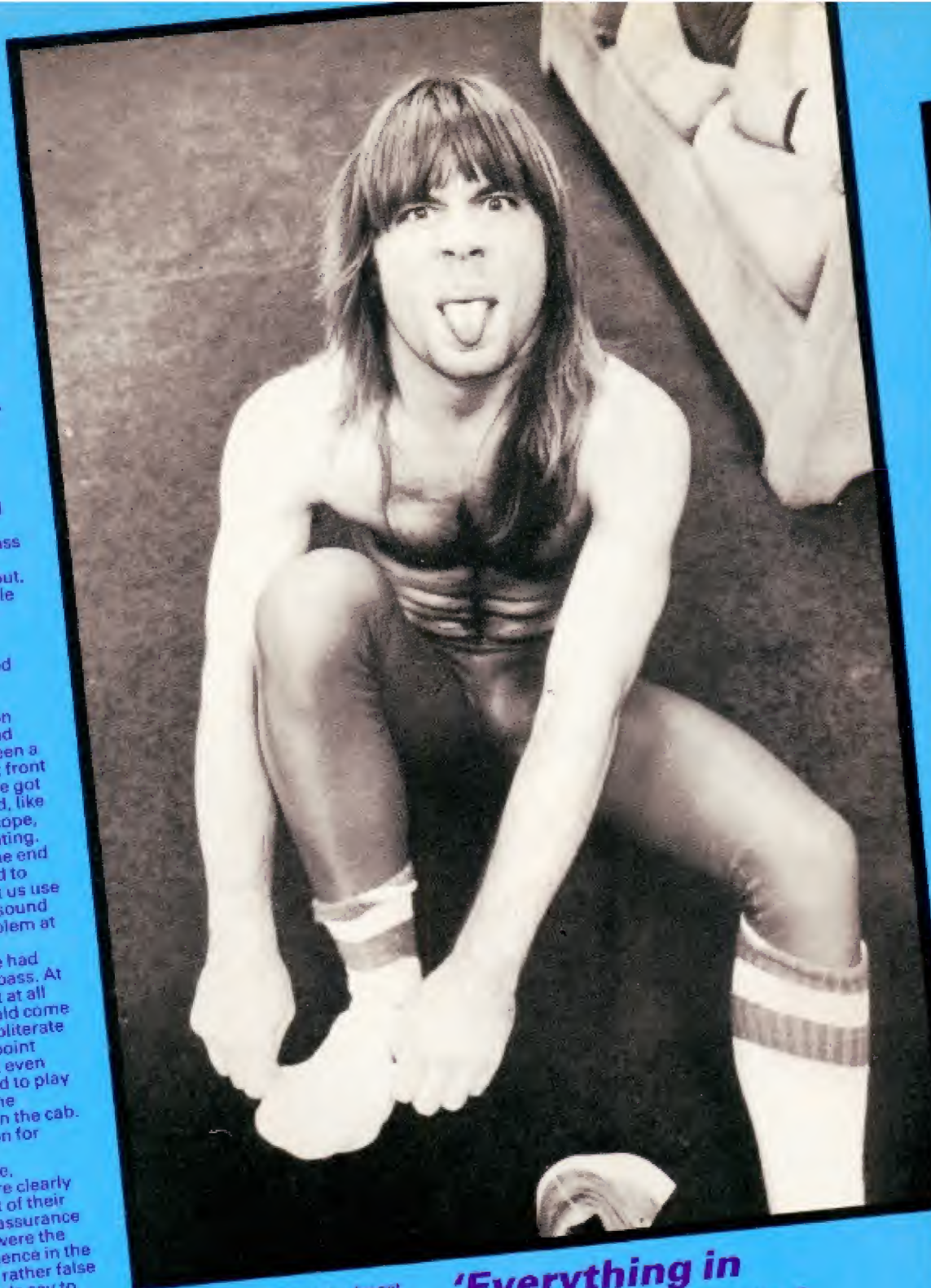
"American audiences make you feel very insecure," Bruce explains, "they've got little sense of humour. You just walk up to the mike and go: 'anybody wanna rock 'n' roll?' and they shout 'YEAH'". It's like question and answer time, switch onto automatic, y'know. Then you come back to England and think 'God, real people at last, I can talk to them', which I enjoy doing.

"Everything over there in terms of rock music is so formulaised. It's supposed to be the land of

opportunity but I think the freest country in the world is England. Having visited a fair number of places on this current tour, I still regard England as one of the most innovative. Americans grasp the surface things but they don't grasp the real feelings underneath."

Initially, the rigid, predictable nature of the US radio system, proof absolute that competition in broadcasting equals less choice for the public, meant that djs were loath to give Maiden's brand of metallica access to the airwaves. But now, though exposure is still somewhat limited, the success of the 'Number Of The Beast' LP (it

'Everything in America in terms of rock music is so formulaised. It's supposed to be the land of opportunity but I think the freest country in the world is England'





the skills of Martin Birch and are prepared to publicise the fact to the full.

"To be honest we were all very nervous about the last album," Bruce recalls, "but Martin was confident throughout. He said: 'I've got the same feeling I had on 'Deep Purple In Rock', which we found quite astounding."

I get the impression that a few things are already in the pipeline as far as the next release is concerned but Bruce continues to play his hand close to his chest. The most I can gather is that the coming LP, the band's fourth, will feature a selection of individual songs, as usual (no triple-album concept package this time), some displaying the shadowy, Satanic bent that's now become a Maiden hallmark.

In truth, of course, songs like 'Number Of The Beast' and 'Children Of The Damned' are no more corrupting/dangerous than a fairy tale or a 'Tom and Jerry' cartoon but a certain strata of American society, finding it hard to draw the line between reality and fantasy as Americans often do, has the band ear-marked as cloaked, cloven-hoofed emissaries from across the River Styx (somewhere near Wapping, I believe).

"America is a land full of contrasts," reflects Bruce, looking decidedly undemonic, innocent almost. "On the one hand you've got the Moral Majority and all these wierd people trying to play records backwards and burn things in the street and, on the other, a lot of fans who go completely mad for the music - they're great. . . .

"I mean, I'm having a good moan at a lot of things in America but I think the kids over there would probably agree with me. Some of them can't handle the TV and the radio and a great many buy *Kerrang!*, which is good. They're really individual and completely fearless. They'll get arrested, handcuffed, locked-up and still be at the show 1,000 miles away the following night."

One of Maiden's staunchest US supporters is a Pied Piperesque figure from Chicago who trails the band from gig to gig with his daughter and 16-20 additional kids in tow, while another, less mobile, follower has built a 30-foot 3-D Eddie on top of his house and, for a reasonable sum, is prepared to offer his services to others. I'm not sure what it does for the TV reception but if you ever want to scare away low-flying aircraft. . . .

British fans, meanwhile, will get a chance to reacquaint themselves with Eddie next Spring when the band plan to tour strictly Odeon-sized UK venues (no Wembley or Bingley dates, they assure), shortly before the release of the new LP.

"As long as we keep putting out albums and keep touring, we'll be all right," concludes Bruce, and barring natural disasters, collective brainstorms or a sudden, burning desire to make it big in jazz/funk, it now really looks as straightforward as that. . . .

reached 33 in the US charts), looks set to cause a minor, though significant, breakthrough.

In Columbus, Ohio, for example, the album stood as overall top-seller for four consecutive weeks, making it hard for the local station not to give it a spin. Before going across the water, the band felt that if any track was going to rouse Stateside interest it would be 'Number Of The Beast' itself, but in fact 'Run To The Hills', though not issued as a US single, has been the one most picked up on.

"It's probably because it's got harmonies on the vocals," says Bruce, "something as childish as that. Their taste in music really is very puerile. 'Children Of The Damned' has also been played a bit because of the acoustic guitar at the beginning; they think that it won't put off any potential buyers of 'Tampax'. Radio over there exists more to sell silly, disposable consumer goods than play music. It's a sick situation.

"People keep coming up to us and asking: 'when are you going to release a radio track?' and we say: 'We're not! We won't compromise, we'll just have to change the airplay."

AT WHICH point the obscenely rotund figure of photographer Ross Halfin looms into view though, thankfully, his stay in short-lived. Having surprised us all with a dogged, die-hard ability to stand and communicate (if that's the word), after prolonged alcoholic dalliance, he moves hurriedly away, determined that others would have the pleasure of his

gross personality.

"Y'know, he got us booked into a hotel in Dallas with 650 gay vicars," recalls Bruce, memory jogged by this brief visitation. "They were having a convention at the time and we all arrived in shorts and football socks because of the weather. . . . (eyes glaze over as if reliving a first taste of the trenches) . . . God, it was hell in the lifts! - and we blame Halfin for that."

Bruce clearly still carries the mental scars but, this brush with the world of wholesale woofing excepted, the band's initial three and a half month spell on the US circuit has proceeded relatively smoothly. Rainbow, .38 Special, The Scorpions, the band has 'guested' with them all and, while shows with Kiss in the deep South/deep West have now been blown out, there are plans afoot for a North-East tour with Priest, a liaison that should give them the chance to play Madison Square Garden before heading off for November dates in Australia and Japan.

While the band have already notched up one visit to the East, touring 'down-under' is sure to be a whole new experience. Certainly the 'NOTB' LP's selling well there (gold-going-on-platinum, at last count), and response to the band's arrival should be OTT to say the least, perhaps even rivalling that gleaned at a now legendary gig in Memphis, Tennessee. . . .

"We were playing with The Scorpions actually," reflects Bruce, "and it was strange because there was this huge orchestra pit, about 20ft wide, between us and the stage and

three security guards sitting inside. Somebody, I'm not saying who, had deemed that we weren't allowed to set foot in the pit, ruling out any contact with the audience, and while we weren't too pleased about that we bit the bullet and went on.

"About halfway through the set, however, Rod (Smallwood, Maiden manager) told us that he'd had a big argument and that we could not go into the pit, so Steve and myself jumped down and made for the front of the crowd. The problem was, though, that any kids who tried to get over the barrier were thrown back by the security guards and in the end we got pissed off with this. I just grabbed a couple of kids and pulled them over, then everybody came. It was tremendous, though I nearly didn't make it back onstage!"

I don't suppose The Scorpions were too happy about this. . . .

"No. . . . they put a minefield, barbed-wire and machine-gun towers between them and the audience - they weren't happy. . . ."

IF ALL goes to plan, Maiden will return to Britain on December 12 for a three-week break then, with turkey fully digested, start work on the next album. For contractual reasons, involving previous management, Bruce wasn't able to write with the band on 'NOTB' (or at least openly claim to have done so), and while he hopes the situation is now resolved, it's one he still discusses with caginess and caution.

When it comes to the search for a suitable producer, however, Bruce and the band show no such reticence. They'd like to re-enlist

READING
REPORT

Y&T





**BERNIE
TORME**



**TWISTED
SISTER**

METAL MAKES MAGIC MAYHEM



STAMPEDE

FRIDAY

Sun . . . Reading revolves around that heat providing orb. If it graces the festival with it's presence then things can take a turn for the better. If not, darkened skies can result in a host of cans flying stageward for the winter, signalling the unrest and discomfort of the faithful.

It was good to witness that rain did not pay Reading a visit and nor did the cans (though the plan to outlaw them did result in occasional interesting and resourceful alternatives, amongst them devoured corn-on-the-cobs and plastic footballs!) The atmosphere was largely benevolent and a good time was had by all despite the presence of many a naff band. **Against The Grain** for one, who had the pleasure of opening this 22nd

National jazz/blues/rock Festival (I didn't see much jazz or blues in evidence) and did little to impress though had the audacity to perform a drum solo.

Angels, next on the bill, had little to live up to, but while they looked good — stripes and tight red pants were definitely à la mode this year — they again made little impression, providing average Rainbow rip-offs ('Cry Of The Wolf') and sub-Paul Di'anno vocals. These two opening names were unfamiliar to most and I can't help but feel they're likely to remain so.

Overkill arrived, purveyors (they claimed) of 'intelligent rock' though this turned out to be pure clap-trap. That said, the band did enjoy themselves and had a couple of decent songs and an excellent vocalist.

Continues next page

READING REPORT

From previous page

Familiarity not breeding contempt in the music world, however, the early bands suffered from the fact that the audience were unfamiliar with their material; not so with **Stampede**, who won over a dubious audience with some class material which, from Laurence Archer's Schenkeresque V-playing to stepdad Rueben's Mogg-like vocal lines and lyrics, smacked heavily of UFO. "Let's see some hands," said Reuben for the first time at the festival but certainly not the last. They did, and Stampede were the first band to grab my attention.

Tank, on the other hand, showed they'd plenty of blood, guts and beer but previous little talent. They were loud, gross and often so distorted, you couldn't hear the titles. In short, one hell of a racket. Algy Ward's bass bashed everything into submission and even good numbers, like 'TWDAMO' came over as one big mess. The crowd responded appropriately. Reading, clearly developing taste,

and it was a case of sane people to the right, bozo's to the left as **Praying Mantis** took the stage to starboard.

Having witnessed the band at the Marquee earlier in the week I was prepared for an entertaining set and they did not disappoint. Tino's guitar work becomes ever more akin to that of Neal Schon and the addition of keyboardist John Bacin and vocalist Bernie Shaw has given the Praying ones new teeth. That, linked with some fine new numbers such as 'Raining In Kensington' should see the band's new Jet deal run smoothly.

Baron Rojo were visibly nervous on their first important UK gig, but they proceeded to confirm my predictions by playing some excellent hard rock. Easily the most OTT band on the day, they had drum solos (which I could do without) guitar solos and an exhibition of how to break strings by Armado Castro.

All these frolics went down well punter-wise and the band's encore made things a mite harder for **Randy California**, a man of whom I am no great fan, though a huge number of the audience

seemed to be colonels in the Kaptain Kopter aircorps. His music was surprisingly melodic, though it did contain the demanded drug references in 'Killer Weed', and as he was both the first to use lights and the first to have a bass player in ridiculous shorts he went down well – the highlight being a Young style walkabout which had grubby people trying to touch a part of Randy's anatomy (heaven knows why).

Unfortunately, however, the evening petered out to a damp squib.

Diamond Head, although they possess a jewel of a singer in Shaun Harris, served up traditional lead-weight tiresome

metal and will not have added any fans to their ranks after a boring set, of which the only outstanding number was 'Am I Evil'. Then **Budgie**, stalwarts who tread the boards so regularly that they must have planks for feet, blew their big chance as headliners.

Their giant flying-V wimpered and died with no hint of a bang and much the same can be said of the band's music. The likes of 'Crime Against The World' and similar nuggets contained some tediously boring rifferama and, though Burke Shelley, John Thomas and Steve Williams tried to elicit some response, the crowd seemed none too

impressed. A disappointing end to an entertaining day.
HOWARD JOHNSON

SATURDAY

Just Good Friends got things underway on Saturday. Not exactly hot names but they managed to arouse campers who were still recovering from the night's doings under canvas. Danny, their mad lead guitarist, proved more freaky than techno, and seemed to enjoy his lead singer's attempts to climb up his back. All clean fun, and they impressed with their best song 'Hollywood Fantasy,' though they couldn't hope to compete with the next band, about to cause a sensation.

Bow Wow, the Japanese 'Asian Volcano' looked like they might be just another amusing novelty from the East. Wrong. They were an astonishingly exciting band. We gazed at them spellbound. Apart from the blitzing sound, they looked great. Lead singer/guitarist Kyoji Yamamoto smiled from under a mass of curly black hair which he finally swopped for an outrageously long blond wig. There was definitely something strange about this band, with their unexpected use of silence. That's right – bursts of SILENCE which hung in the ears like shells exploding, before the return of the swirling guitar and drum fire.

The band have recorded 13 albums and sold six million records, and crowd-pleasers like 'Getting Back On The Road' and 'Touch Me I'm On Fire' surprised the fans and had them yelling for more, giving compere Jackie Lynton a hard time. Even his Cockney verbals couldn't quell the chants and eventually Kyoji

BIG JOHN THOMAS (Budgie)



MICHAEL SCHENKER





ARON ROJO



MOORE & MURRAY



TWISTED SISTER with PETE WAY, FAST EDDIE & LEMMY

rushed out to take a bow.

Rock Goddess from South London were doomed to follow these pyrotechnics, but nevertheless attracted a sturdy, vociferous following on their side of the twin stages. Guitarist/vocalist Jody Turner, bassist Tracey Lamb and drummer Julie Turner raised encouraging bellows from the lads. Jody screamed 'take it away!' and dedicated 'My Angel' to their favourite groups, Tygers and Maiden. "You've been a great crowd!", she yelled with a sense of relief that they had been given the thumbs up, helped along the road to victory by their sincerity and ability.

Grand Prix are old hands and can cope with any setting, but even they looked a bit pale and haggard in the cold light of day.

Despite recent problems with their record company, singer Rod McAuley seemed in high spirits and made some pleasantly Irish announcements with a satirical edge. "'Shout' is our next single, whether our record company know it or not," he said slyly. A most sophisticated band, their vocal harmonies and keyboard work came as a welcome relief from endless mayhem. They floated niftily through 'Look At Me Now' and 'Heaven And Hell' and dedicated 'Samuri' to the Japanese rock invasion. Unfortunately 'East Wind' suffered from eager hands at the volume controls and the piece disintegrated into clatter.

Bernie Tormé and the **Electric Gypsies** seemed to be presenting a tribute to the memory of Jimi Hendrix with their intense, imaginative performance. After a slow start, Bernie gradually built up the excitement, working through 'Lies', 'Star', 'No Easy Way' and 'Turn Out The Lights.'

He also found time for a joke

with the audience: 'How do I get my guitar in tune? It's easy - I don't! It's a beautiful day right? So now's the time to do some really depressing suicide rock'. This was 'Getting There' followed by 'Under My Wheels', 'Possession' 'America' and, of course, a violent 'Wild Thing'. Frank Noon pitched in with some powerful snare drum beats and Everton Williams spurred Bernie on with his driving bass guitar. There was a phantom keyboard player as well, one Alan Nelson who filled out the sound with some block chords.

"**Ore,**" said festival organiser Jack Barrie, "are the best band I've seen at the Marquee since AC/DC." A bold claim, though Jack has been right many a time. Certainly the band's lead singer, a large bearded gent who swigged from a huge can of nameless liquid, presented an impressive sight, but I was not overstruck on performances like 'Hot On Your Tour' and 'Yellow Fever'. Dull, but maybe they sound better in a club.

Cheetah were much more fun, and there was a good deal of ogling of the twin Aussie beauties Chrissie and Lyndsay, all eyes feasting on tight jean-clad bottoms which they wiggled with relish and skill. Dzal Martin, their star guitarist also got a cheer from fans and looked somewhat embarrassed as the girls pressed their attentions into his face. Huge plastic bottles greeted this simulated sex play but you had to admire Lyndsay's courage (that's the blonde one right?) when she went out into the audience with a radio mike and started screaming at us from the top of the PA tower. It must be all that Krona margarine. A banner was waved at the girls which read (and I quote) 'Get yet tits out for the lads' and bits of food and earth

were hurled. It was all a bit like bear baiting. I guess the audience loved them.

Gary Moore's vibrant, star packed new band were next up, with Ian Paice on drums, Neil Murray on bass, Tommy Eyre on keyboards and Charlie Huhn on throat. This was a band I'd eagerly awaited but for some reason the left hand stage lived up to its reputation and produced the worst sound for any band thus far, with Ian's drums reduced to mere dustbin lids.

Mercifully Gary's guitar cut through the snowstorm of noise and the band gelled for Moore's 'Nuclear Attack', originally composed for Greg Lake's band. Police siren wails from Gary's guitar were most effective and he was in cracking form on favourites like 'Parisiennne Walkways' and 'Back On The Streets'. Tragically a bottle fight broke out up front, distracting from the music, so it will be nice to see the band do some more dates in the future. Meanwhile we await their 'Corridors Of Power' album, due hourly!

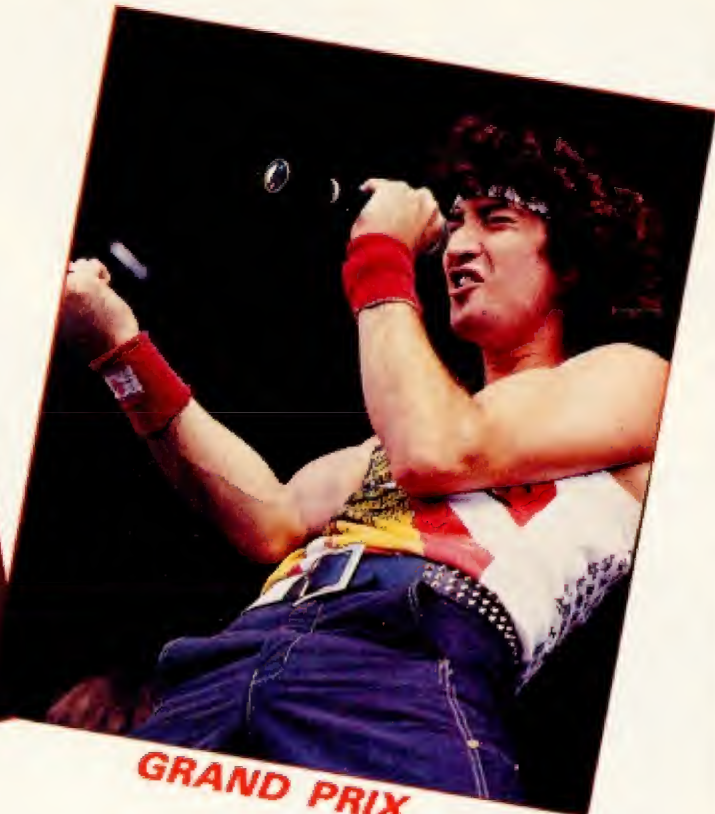
Blackfoot gave a faultless, satisfying performance that proved one of the most popular of the late afternoon, reminding us that rock 'n' roll did after all originate in the good old USA. There was no pussyfooting around, this was real, unpretentious rocking music with Rick 'Rattlesnake' Medlocke blowing up a storm on his old geezer and down-home vocals. He gazed out over what must have seemed a familiar scene, straight out of the Civil War - bonfires, dozens of Confederate flags and banners that read 'Hell yeah!'

After a real nice slow blues, and a big guitar freak out, Jackson Spire unleashed a wild and victorious assault on his drumkit

**READING
REPORT**



TYGERS OF PAN TANG



GRAND PRIX



**MICHAEL
SCHENKER**



**GARY BARDEN
(MSG)**

From page 31

during which he paused for a drink and then hurled his sticks into the crowds. 'Yihaah', I cried.

Exploding smoke pots were next on the agenda. No, that's not the name of the group, but the chosen entrance made by a rejuvenated **Tygers Of Pan Tang**. As the dust settled, the Tygers burned bright and erased the memory of their disastrous debut at Reading a couple of years ago. Fred Purser on guitars and keyboard and Rob Weir on guitar and voice box, talked us through early Pan Tang material and also uncaged 'Tides' from their new LP, 'The Cage'. Unfortunately they were dogged by the same distortion Gary suffered (stage left again), but it was a worthy, well-received set.

A huge crush of fans piled up front to greet **Iron Maiden** as they braced themselves in the wings. But when they finally came out after a tension-building delay, it seemed like disaster was imminent.

The vocal microphone has been switched off and Bruce Dickinson's all important first words were lost to the winds. Mercifully sound was soon restored and as the night grew darker we could hear and see Bruce perfectly through PA and giant video screen. He seemed to be glowing with sweat and nerves and, after the band had positively raced through 'Run To The Hills', told us: "It's great to be back. We've been over the water for three and a half months and you are the best audience in the world."

Not all the audience were committed Maiden freaks, however, and Bruce's joy was dented by a hail of missiles arriving out of the black night sky as iconoclasts got to work. Thus when he sportingly went across to the other stage to greet lost souls on the 'dead' side of the arena, he was hit with stinging force and swiftly retreated to the arms of Maiden.

But the vast majority greeted him with rapturous joy as the boys charged into 'Children Of The Damned' and 'The Number Of The Beast', which came complete with horror clip on the video screen.

'22 Acacia Avenue' was followed by my favourite drum solo of the weekend, contributed by the lightning quick Clive Burr, now recognised as one of the nation's best skinsmen. Thence came the duel of the guitarists and on into 'The Prisoner', complete with taped introduction and dry ice. Bruce jumped onto the amps with athletic grace and seemed lost in the ecstasy of a band chalking up another milestone in its history. It all seemed a long way from the pubs of the East End.

A blinding flash of light and on lurched our old mate, 12 foot giant Eddie, teeth bared and looking suitably green about the gills. Some say there is a dwarf on stilts inside the monster's frame. If so, he has a hard time

when Bruce grabs his crutch then aims a deft Kung Fu kick into the nether regions. "Thank you for a tremendous year," said breathless Bruce, as Eddie moved back to his cage.

But the show wasn't over yet. A series of protracted encores witnessed both the time honoured 'Yo, yo, yo!' routine with the audience and the arrival on stage of Blackfoot's Ricky Medlocke to jam with the chaps. They say you could hear the roaring of the crowds from Reading to Basingstoke.

CHRIS WELCH

SUNDAY

It was up to **Terraplane** to get the final day underway, and they did so with a blend of early 'seventies rock and 'eighties pop star panache. The mainstay of the band's set was their blues roots which at times conjured memories of early Free and, despite the heavy emphasis on guitar workouts, numbers like 'Living like a Madman' and 'I Survive' showed signs of real class, the latter showcasing the band's use of harmonies and hopefully giving a clue as to future direction.

While the sun was still mercilessly grilling my nose, and singing my arms, **Chinatown** strolled on and played the finest set they've yet performed.

Ignoring the fact that there were nigh on 20,000 people hanging around in front of 'em, the band stuck their pretty little noses in the air and stormed through half an hour of hard hitting fast rock music.

As usual, bassist John Barre went through all the poses in the book, raising hands high and punching the air in a victory salute. I just wish he would wait until the songs were over, because it would be awfully embarrassing if he were to celebrate amid a stony silence!

Happily, however, silence was the one thing that didn't happen for Chinatown; there was plenty of noise while they were playing, and a generous amount after they'd finished. AND despite the fact that 'Whole Lotta Love' went down best of all (how pathetic some festival audiences can be), I still maintain that 'Time Will Tell' is the finest ballad not yet on record - why doesn't someone bloody well do something about it!

And so to **Spider**. The 'It Aint Half Hot Mum' intro tape rolled, the explosions roared and the band set about shaking some life into the multitude of hung over bodies, pretending to be a rock audience. Never ones to be too serious, they sang of sex and sweets and rock 'n' roll in a way their teenage audience desires,



GARY MOORE



Y & T

and by the time they careered into 'Did You Like It Baby' most of the crowd were on their feet and getting down to some serious bopping. As ever guitarist Sniffa Bryce, poised centre stage, blasted out those magnetic three chord riffs that, since Status Quo became a parody of themselves, have been Spider's hallmark.

Few bands have worked as hard as this lot for their success and fewer still deserve it, and as soon as some people realise that there is a place for good old-fashioned fun in heavy rock the sooner Spider will attain their true position in the music spectrum.

Marillion, next on the bill, provided a marked contrast with what everyone at Reading had secretly desired for the whole weekend - a dose of keyboard rock.

Fish, like a Siren, tempted and lured the audience to be sucked into the aural vortex, beginning with the scathing social comment of 'Garden Party', the perfect description of the leeches who, in tragic manner, lament the decay of the whole class system. Heavy stuff, certainly, but true nonetheless. A rearranged 'He Knows You Know' follows and the new version leaves the old standing, clearly showing how fast the band are moving away

Continues page 34

READING REPORT



BERNIE MARSDEN and our own **HOWARD JOHNSON** (inset) receives a birthday cake from Kamaflage Records

From page 33

from their older influences and relying more on their own music and ideas. Fish, particularly, is becoming one of the most innovative vocalists around, in both style and presentation.

Once again the *piece-de-resistance* is 'Forgotten Sons', which has Fish machine-gunning the audience with his mike stand and vehemently delivering the 'boys baptised in war' line which results in one of the loudest ovations of the weekend.

Then it was time for **Twisted Sister** and their indefatigable brand of Heavy Metal, but much as had happened to Anvil at Donington, The Sister had to endure some abuse from certain dumbos who couldn't handle the sight of five macho-looking boys in make-up. Fortunately Dee Snider is a little more forward than shy Lips and accused those responsible of being wimps, following it with an offer of personal conflict. As the *Kerrang!* badge claims, this music is 'Not For Wimps', so the shouting soon stopped and all enjoyed a short resumé of Twisted Sister's rock 'n' roll achievements to date.

'Bad Boys Of Rock 'N' Roll' and 'Under The Blade' were both there with a far superior sound to the one which had blighted them at the Marquee earlier. When the band were joined on stage by Lemmy, Pete Way and Eddie Clarke for a jam at the end of the show they were finally taken to everyone's heart. About time.

S.O.S., following the not so amicable departure of vocalist Tommy Jackson, are still fighting fit and rarin' to go (or whatever it

is they say in those circles), with new throat strainer, Robert Hawthorn, formerly with Last Flight (I think), ideally suited to Marsden's bluesy style.

I've seen the band three times now, and they just seem to get better and better. No highlight, everything was on par with everything, and that was 'par excellence'. 'If Loving You Is Wrong I Don't Want To Be Right', is a beautiful ballad, gleaned from the unlikely source of Millie Jackson, while a storming version of 'Come On' was considerably enhanced by the arrival of Mick Moody in casual dress.

By this time the entire audience had given up trying to catch piles from the wet turf, and was on its feet to offer the victory salute. Marsden, obviously incredibly moved by this show of appreciation from the out-front hordes merely grinned, said 'thank you' politely and wandered off stage to prop up the corner of the bar in the beer tent. Needless to say, **S.O.S.** were brilliant.

For **Y&T**, Reading was a difficult task to take on. The band has played very few (if any) outdoor big-crowd festivals and, while their music was as outstanding as ever, the presentation was somewhat lacking. They really had no idea of how to work a crowd, how to build it up, bring it down and control it.

The likes of 'I Believe In You' would have benefitted from some hand claps but Dave Menikett doesn't yet have the ability to get that sort of thing going. I am sure **Y&T** will give better performances as they were musically marvellous, if visually

inept. There ain't no back lash yet!

Then **Jackie Lynton** took the stage amid a barrage of dirty jokes. I think he must be slightly deaf because during his apologies for not being Michael Shenker, all I could hear was one loud cheer from the entire croud for this most likeable of cockneys. At one point he said: "Give us a break, I'll be finished soon, then you can all enjoy **MSG**", but what he obviously couldn't see was the incredible sight of 20,000 people with their hands raised in salute. Lynton was the only artist over the entire weekend who actually appealed to everyone.

HOWARD JOHNSON

Michael Schenker, however, would not be upstaged and played a superb closing set, but earlier, backstage, rumours had begun to fly. Then facts emerged. In the *Chrysalis* Record company tent where the Schenkers were supposed to play host, there was no sign of the group; they were crouching in their caravan dressing-room waiting to go on stage, and avoiding the press.

It transpired there had been a huge row at Sheffield Polytechnic the previous Thursday, which had resulted in the band's new singer Graham Bonnet fleeing back to America, and Michael calling Gary Barden back into the band just in time for Reading (see page 10).

The incident certainly didn't seem to affect Schenker's performance, however. He played like a dream and, begging Gary Moore's pardon, I'd say he was the best guitarist to be heard in action over the three days.

"Are you ready to rock?" roared one of the disc jockeys, a query swiftly followed by a flash

of light and a cloud of smoke and at last the Michael Schenker Group, stars of the 1982 Reading Festival, trooped on stage.

With Chris Glenn on bass and Ted McKenna on drums, they proved a slick, well-oiled powerful machine and Schenker, streets ahead of most heavy rock guitarists with an almost classical style that makes his note picking sound like a piece of Bach or Beethoven, was clearly well pleased with life and himself as he toyed with his guitar and made it do exactly what he wanted.

Barden is a perfect foil for the German guitarist and together they stormed through 'The Mad Axeman' and 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie', Ted's drums driving them with no nonsense fury. They were undoubtedly the best band of the festival, Schenker, with his close cropped blond hair and black bomber jacket, looking like a tank commander out of his mind with ecstasy as he played with extra lengths of guitar strings flailing about the neck of his axe.

On 'Lost Horizons' he presented an eerie sight — silhouetted against a backdrop of red smoke and illuminated by the huge overhead lighting system. The master guitarist produced some Wagnerian chords and sustained notes which had all the drama of grand opera.

Arms stretched aloft, the audience completed a picture of some dark and ancient rites being performed in this English meadow as midnight drew nigh. Well actually, 11 pm. But the moon came out and the rain stopped and at last the Reading Festival drew to an ecstatic close.

KILLWATT

The page
that gets
into gear

"AERICAN GUITARS are notoriously expensive in this country, and the ones we handle are really no exception. But I honestly think that makes like Kramer and Dean hold the answer to the problems in the guitar business at the moment. They're likely to cost you anything between 500 and a 1000 quid, it's true, but that's still substantially less than you'd pay for a brand new Gibson or Fender, and you can guarantee the quality of workmanship will be better.

There's no way those big companies can match the smaller outfits because they're geared solely towards selling as many units a year as they possibly can, cutting as many corners as possible to make as big a profit as possible. Which isn't to say that people like Kramer and Dean aren't businessmen, but they're not businessmen first and foremost. They all started as players themselves and their concept has always been to come up with a good product. At the moment, Kramer's factory in New Jersey is stretched to capacity and there's people like me round the world screaming for more, but even that didn't stop them slowing down production the other month because they thought standards were slipping.

"We first picked up distribution in December of last year and we now accept delivery of about 60 guitars or basses a month, while in turn we supply about 20 selected dealers around the country. When the first shipment arrived I thought a fair amount of work would be needed to set each instrument up before we could offer them for sale. But the majority were playable straight out of the box and a couple of the basses were even still in tune! I was really impressed – and so are the public.

"I mean, we're supposed to be in the middle of a recession but we still get kids walking into our retail shop in Walsall with 700 notes in their pocket wanting one of our flame maple top Dean guitars. I honestly don't know where they get the money. But then guitars are a bit like motorbikes, I suppose. You get an enthusiast and as far as he's concerned absolutely everything else can go out the window so long as he gets the guitar or the bike of his dreams.

"And I'm certain that if you asked our customers nine out of ten would tell you they were going to make it some day. It's amazing how susceptible people can be and how seriously they take their fantasies. A biker will go for a Suzuki because Barry Sheene rides one whereas a guitarist will head for a Stratocaster because of Jimi Hendrix –

BIRMINGHAM-BRED Andy Ford first began importing guitars when he was living in the USA and playing with RCA band Manta Ray. Now his Midlands-based company Fordingley Marketing Ltd handle Kramer and Dean guitars exclusively for the UK. He talks to Chas de Whalley about the...

TOOLS OF THE TRADE



Eddie Van Halen with new tremelo arm

even now. Only a couple of weeks ago I sold a £1000 Ovation to a black guy because he'd seen Bob Marley with one on video. So much of it is down to hero worship and nothing more.

"It's specially true in the Heavy Metal market, and to be frank I find it a little depressing. There seems to be no individualism or adventure any more. Most of the kids coming into our shop to buy gear are choosing stuff simply on name, and not on sound, or if they are into sound they invariably

want to copy somebody else.

"We sell a lot of Dean guitars but basically our best business is in Kramer basses. We've probably sold about 300 of them in the last seven months and I'm convinced the market is expanding. The Duke, which is Kramer's equivalent of the Steinberger bass, goes crazy for us while the Flying V bass moves like hot cakes too. Even though I sell them I'm still convinced that they're the best production bass

in the world. Of course you could always go to a custom builder like John Diggins – he's the man who built the exploding guitar Budgie used at Reading and he also makes more normal instruments for people like John Thomas and Angus Young – and he'd make you something by hand that would wipe the floor with a production model. But that would cost you an arm and a leg, and besides, though a factory-made guitar, a Kramer comes close to matching that sort of quality.

"The trademark is the aluminium neck which gives a power and a clean sustain you won't get from a wooden neck. They spent years ironing out problems with the design. Travis Beam were the first people to experiment with the idea of a metal neck but failed because they reamed out the shape and in chiselling off the metal the neck ended up prone to bending and twisting. They were cold to the touch too, being metal, and condensation used to build up on stage, but Kramer have solved both of those problems. They drop forge their necks in a T section, round them off with two strips of rock maple, then lacquer the lot so your hand feels no difference between the metal and the wood as you're playing.

"Right now their latest development seems to have captured a lot of players' imagination. It's a new tremelo arm Eddie Van Halen has helped to design and we're getting sackfuls of mail about it. It works on the principle that the strings are locked in place at the nut with a brass plate and then finely tuned down at the bottom end, by the bridge. The end result means you can really go to town with the tremelo, and even have the strings so loose they're flapping off the neck, but it will spring back and be perfectly in tune.

"It takes some time to get used to the idea of tuning the guitar at the wrong end too. Steinberger paved the way on that one with their stick bass and I suspect that they're really only the tip of the iceberg and in two or three years time that sort of design will become the norm. We've all grown so accustomed to the idea that the machine heads should be on the top of the guitar, but once you've played one that's strung the other way you discover it's actually far more convenient.

"Ultimately, however, it's all down to personal taste. Salesmen can spiel away all they like but when it comes down to it the best guitar in the world is the one that suits you. I still do a lot of playing and I like to think I never push anything I wouldn't be happy with myself."



ARMED & READY

More Heavy Hopefuls to watch out for



TRUFFLE

PORTSMOUTH BASED Truffle, (who incidentally took their name from the Beatles' track 'Savoy Truffle') have been together in their present form for 10 months. They are: Ritchie Stopforth (lead guitar), Peter Patterson (drums), Russ Horton (bass and vocals) and John Dunning (rhythm guitar and vocals).

Recently, due to their increasing enthusiastic following along the South Coast, Truffle decided to independently release a double A sided single. The choice of tracks was left to the band's followers as ballot forms were handed out at various gigs, and 'Round Tower' (not unlike Aerosmith's 'Kings And Queens') proved to be the general favourite. "This surprised the band," says manager/producer Patricia Hatch, "as the track is slow and melodic and lasts almost 8½ minutes live. However, they felt that this was a good choice, as the usual HM release is the standard headbanger. Both 'Round Tower' and the second A side 'If You Really Want' have received a fair amount of airplay on a number of radio stations."

Truffle's live shows are reputed to be very loud, and included in a fine set of their own songs are good cover versions of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Freebird', Thin Lizzy's 'Are You Ready To Rock', and Motorhead's 'Ace Of Spades'.

This year they've done two successful support slots with Diamond Head and Tank, and three with Spider which included a recent London Marquee date where a packed house enjoyed Truffle enough to give them a rousing encore.

For further information contact: Patricia Hatch, 90 Samuel Road, Fratton, Portsmouth, Hants. (0705) 820024. CARMINE BRUDENELL

VIRGIN STAR

VIRGIN STAR are a Malvern based rock band and have been knocking about locally for just over two years and have just released a cassette package, 'Four More For The Road'. They've never been a heavy metal band but a more 'song' orientated approach covering many styles of music held together with a hard rock base – they're as classy as hell too!

The package is excellent although may be a bit off-putting at £2.90 a throw – for that you get typeset lyric and biog sheets, a photograph, folder and of course the tape which features four of their best known numbers, 'Giving It Up', 'Rocketship', 'Toulouse Ya' and 'Tiger's Eye'. The band are – Paul Taylor (vocals), Russell Simon (guitars), Mark Simon (drums) and newest recruit Guy Tittley (bass).

Virgin Star have a lot to offer as an ear'ole full of the cassette will prove, if you're interested you can contact VIRGIN STAR c/o SLAVE PRODUCTIONS, 147, Worcester Road, Malvern, Worcestershire. WAYNE PERKINS



IQ

IQ were formed in Southampton in July 1981, the line-up being Pete Nicholls (vocals), Tim Esau (bass), Mike Holmes (guitar), Martin Orford (keyboards) and Mark Ridout (drums).

Excellent reviews by press and radio for the band's contribution to a Southampton compilation tape ensured packed houses and, after establishing an enviable reputation on the local music scene, a move to London early this year was an inevitable step in IQ's development.

They don't look like other progressive rockers of their ilk – no long hair or 'Hobbit' cloaks here. It's the music and their ability to play that matters; and play they can. Their demo tape is sheer class in their field of music; well constructed songs (most definitely influenced by Genesis, Yes, Jethro Tull) consisting of swirling keyboard sounds, intricate rhythms, complex fretwork and dramatic vocals.

Their stage show is very visual, not surprising really when you learn that Pete Nicholls is also an established actor, and his macabre stage presence is quite a shock to first-time punters.

IQ haven't secured a record deal yet, but it won't be long before they do, especially with songs like 'Intelligence Quotient', 'It All Stops Here', 'Eloko', the jazz-rock influenced 'Capital Letters'; and bearing in mind the recent resurgence of progressive rock.

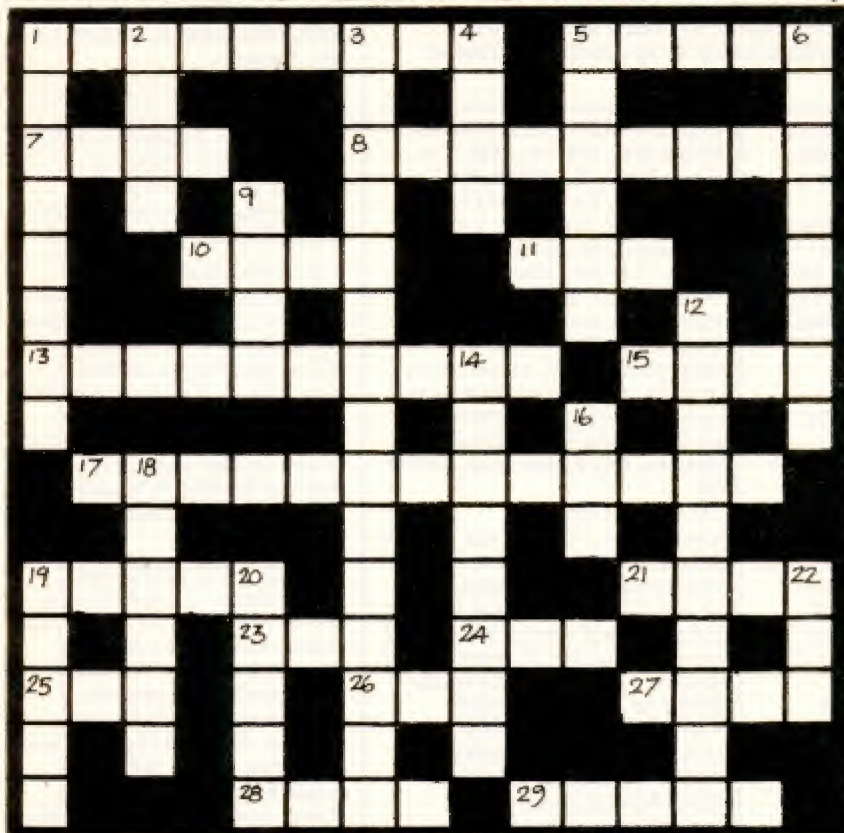
They are soon to play gigs all over the country. Check them out and improve 'your' IQ!

For further information contact: Mike Holmes, 2 Buchanan Gardens, Kensal Green, London NW10. CARMINE BRUDENELL.

Are you heading for the Kerrang! Hall of Fame? Do you want to be covered in 'Armed and Ready'? Send a tape or record, a good picture and a complete biography on your band to us and we'll try to include

you in a future issue of Kerrang! Send details to 'Armed and Ready', Kerrang! 40 Long Acre, London WC2.

KERROSWORD! By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

- 1 A rough cutter (3,6)
- 5 Adjective for a funk railroad (5)
- 7 RED's trouble (4)
- 8 see 18 down
- 10 Stones Ms. Tuesday (4)
- 11 Sounds like a weight for Plant and Co. (3)
- 13 and 21 AC/DC's anthem (3,5,2,4)
- 15 Way on his way from clue 26(4)
- 17 Quo pictured 'em in '68 (10,3)
- 19 This Paul was once a son of a bitch (5)
- 21 see 13.
- 23 Gillan/Paice (3)
- 24 Cats give him scratchy fever (3)
- 25 Age of rock? (3)
- 26 They had an obsession (1,1,1)
- 27 Rock for 1 across? (4)
- 28 Classic from ZZ (4)
- 29 Confessions from Kansas (5)

DOWN

- 1 Another classic from ZZ (8)
- 2 Planetary band (4)
- 3 They live just for kicks (6,5,4)
- 4 Once known as Nutz?(4)
- 5 Mr Butler (6)
- 6 What Eric played with Layla? (8)
- 9 They flew by night (4)
- 12 A Heep vocalist (4,6)
- 14 Place for 19 down's rock (8)
- 16 Boxing decision for a US band (1,1,1)
- 18 and 8 across. A scorpions' winner (6,9)
- 19 They suffered a sheer heart attack (5)
- 20 Budgie's flight (5)
- 22 Ms. McAuliffe (3)

Solution on page 46

GET INTO SPIDER'S WEB

WIN A NIGHT OUT WITH SPIDER + 25 LPs

WHAT DO Spider eat for breakfast? Does Brian Burrows get it caught in his moustache? These questions and more should soon be answered, as the band, at great personal expense etc., have agreed to offer two *Kerrang!* readers (yes, you can't win if you just look at the pictures), the chance to be VIP guests at their forthcoming gig at the Manchester Apollo. The offer includes a chance to meet the boys (no kidding), generally over-indulge in their presence, then recover overnight in a top Mancunian hostelry.

Runners-up will receive 25 copies of Spider's debut album, 'Rock 'N' Roll Gypsies'. Just answer the three arachnid questions below and all this could be yours ...

- 1) What is the name of the Spider bus?
 - 2) How many singles have the band released nationally?
 - 3) Name Spider's favourite tipple
- Answers on a postcard to Spider competition, PO box 16, Harlow, Essex.





WANTED, crazy good looking female rockers to get down and boogie with 17 year old rocker. Into purple, Gillan, Quo, Rainbow, Scorpys, Led Zep, Sabbath, etc. Hobbies include art, cinema, sleeping, going OTT and smashing up guitars. I'd like females to write or meet photo appreciated. **Dave Ratcliffe, 13 Whitecraig Gardens, Whitecraig, Musselburgh, East Lothian, Scotland EH21 8NR**

I'M AN 18-year-old male in the RAF and I would like lots of females 16 + to write. I'm into most heavy rock especially Purple, Hawkwind, Sabbath and Rainbow. If you would like to send a photo that would be great, so get writing to me, Ritch, now. A/C Rees, T8209201, Admin Clerk 11/18, S.A.T.E.F., RAF, Hereford, Credenhill, Hereford.

WANTED: AN American penpal, male or female, 14-18 must be a Kiss freak, to swap info, pix on the hottest band in the world. Kiss army member preferred. I'm a 15-year-old male Kiss freak so if you are interested put pen to paper and write to: **Carl Davies, 29 Ashfern Drive, Walmley, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands, England.**

I'M A 16-year-old headbanger who's into AC/DC, Floyd, Journey, Zep, Maiden, UFO, etc, looking for female penpals 16-19. All letters answered, please send photo. **Bill Copeland, 5550 Lubec Street, Bell Gardens, California 90201, USA.**

17-YEAR-OLD (soon to be 18) US headbanger who plays bass guitar, would like to hear from anyone (females too, please) who are into Girlschool, old Sabbath, (a little) Ozzy, Priest, Saxon, Rainbow, etc. **Richard Baatz, 15915 Woodbury Ave, Cleveland, Ohio, 44135 USA.**

18-YEAR-OLD headbanger would like any female headbangers 16-18 interested in going to gigs and socialising and into Rainbow, Whitesnake, Gillan, Scorpions, to write to

PENPALS!

Just send your details to Penpals, Kerrang! 40 Long Acre, London WC2. We'll print as many as we can in each issue of Kerrang!

Mark Goody, 3 Inveresk Street, Greenfield, Glasgow G32 6SL. MY NAME is Sue. I live in Jersey (the Island close to France). I would like any bikers (long hair please) and Quo, Sabbath, Purple, Hendrix and Joplin nuts to write to me. I'm 16 and have blonde hair. **Sue Do la Cour, Mont Cantel, La Pouquelaye, Saint Helier, Jersey, Channel Islands.**

I'M A 17-year-old Canadian male. I have long black hair, Brown eyes and stand about 5ft 9in. I'm looking for female penpals who are into Heavy Metal and hard rockin' bands. My favourite bands are Zep, old Queen, Scorpions, Nazareth, Aerosmith, Van Halen and many many more. I hope to hear from you. **Ilo Martins, 125 Claremont St, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6S 2M7**

MALE CANUCK metallar wants to hear from English or European metal fans, preferably females who like Maiden, Saxon, Lizzy and all other metal groups including Canadian groups. Set your writing tool in use and write to: **Mark Faviell, 2606 W. 43rd Ave, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6N 3J3**

TWO 19-year-old Stateside 'eadbangers (yes, there are 'eadbangers here) would like to correspond with any sexy female headbangers in the 17+ age bracket. Maiden, Scorpions, Leppard, Girlschool, etc. To exchange tapes, T-shirts, photos and personal goodies with the people we write to. **Tad Harris, 521 S. Maryland Pkwy A-18, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101, USA.** I AM interested in new HM groups and I collect their LPs. I'm willing to swap records with readers of Kerrang! and I can offer East European albums featuring HM or other sorts of music. I have Kerrang! nos. 5, 7, 8, 11 and I look for other copies. All letters answered. **Milan Kofranek, U Petrin 1858/3, 162 00 Praha 6, Czechoslovakia.**

TWO 16-year-old crazies into Van Halen, Maiden, Leppard, Scorpions and Judas Priest want to get in touch with two beautiful females aged 14-18 from England to chat about music. **Johnny 'n' Eddie, 347 Andrew Ave, Pittsburg, PA, USA 94565**

I'M AN 18-year-old male
headbanger into UFO, Tygers,
Scorpions, Maiden, and

Leppard. All letters answered. Frank Isla, 1707 N. 36th Ave, Stone Park, IL. 60165, USA I'M NEIL, I'm 15 and I live in Dusseldorf, Germany (at the moment) 'cos my dad is in the Army. I'm into Maiden, Saxon, Whitesnake, and others. If there's any good-looking females out there who want to write to me, well, all you have to do is get off your pretty ass and get writing. Neil Stewart, c/o Sgt Stewart, Maintenance Branch, HQ Rhine Area, BFPO 34

SWEDISH BORED
hardrock, 37 years old, deeply into Saxon, Van Halen, Ronnie Montrose, MSG, Blackmore, Randy California. I also like hard hop and a lot of blues, I've been playing for 14 years but the situation in my country is like living on an empty island. Females and males write to: **Christher Liss, Valhallav. 73, 114-27 Stockholm, Sweden.**

ONE MALE headbanger, longish hair, tight jeans, big nose and sense of humour, must like AC/DC, MSG, and Rainbow etc. Write to: **Juliet Page, 'Spindletop', Inchmarlo Road, Banchory, Scotland.** Motorheadbangers need not apply.

I AM a shy 25-year-old female into heavy rock, philosophy, politics, peace, Victoriana, art, small press, Lewis Carroll, Tolkien, *The Prisoner*, the supernatural. I would like to hear from gentle long-haired men with similar interests.

Jocelyn Almond, 2 Bucks Ave,
Watford Heath, Herts WD1 4AS
20 YEAR OLD into Gillan,
Deep Purple and many more I'd
love to get penpals from all over
the world. Inger Westman,
02400 Kyrkslätt Hila, Finland.
I'M 15 and looking for an Angus
lookalike (or Cozy Powell). I'm
into AC/DC, Saxon, Rush,
Tygers, Maiden, Ozzy and
many more. Female penpals
also wanted, any age. Sheena
Groom, 1 Sunningdale Grove,
Upper Colwyn Bay, Clwyd LL29
6DG, N. Wales.

A JAPANESE female headbanger would like to hear from any headbanger who lives in London. My favourite bands are Maiden, Uriah Heep, Lionheart, Tank, Priest, etc.
Yumi Nimura, 192-1 Tomiokuoka, Meito-ku, Nagoya 465, Japan.

I'M A 19-year-old female and crazy about Kiss, and would love to hear from all you

headbangers out there who are also Kiss crazy. Please send photo. Debbie Spratt, 2235 Hurontario Street, Apartment 1403, Mississuuya, Ontario L5A 201, Canada.

SWEDISH FEMALE rocker into Purple, Motorhead, Rainbow, etc, in need of an HM penpal urgently. Male or female, age doesn't matter. **Annika Modig, Borgmastarev 11. 95159 Lulea, Sweden.**

TWO MALE freaked out 'eadbanging animals from Oz are looking for two 16-18 female 'eadbangers to be penpals. We're into Purple, Sabbath, Zep, Gillan, Rainbow, Maiden, Ozzy and other spaced-out heavy metal. We will write back to any replies, especially chicks. **Jim and Bernie, 11 Victoria Drive, Modbury, Adelaide, SA, Australia 5092.**

WE'RE TWO wild female headbangers (15 and 18) who are into Maiden, AC/DC, Van Halen, Girlschool, and any other heavy rock. We would like male/female penpals. Pictures preferred. **Connie Stanton, 432 — B Pioneer Pkwy, Arlington, Texas 76010 and Angie Brock, 410-A Pioneer Pkwy, Arlington, Texas 76010, USA.**

ROCK IMPORTS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Here goes with this fortnight's list for Kerrang readers from the Pizza Men

AC/DC High Voltage (Sabbathary Cover) Euro £6.99
Alicia Keys' Thriller: Death Wish Behind You Album £6.99
Atomic Rooster In Hearing Of UK £6.99; BTG Japan
Tape Set £7.99; BTG Natl Fragm Can \$8.99; Alice
Cooper Welcome To My Nightmare Can £8.99; Alice
Cooper Easy Action Can £7.99; Alice Cooper Live
Toronto 1969 USA £9.99; Curved Air The Best Of
Curved Air CD Box Set Special Edition UK £9.99; Eur
£6.99; Deep Purple When We Rock We Rock Can
£6.99; Deep Purple Purple Passages (double) Can
£10.99; Deep Purple Mark I & 2 (double) Eur
£9.99; Deep Funk & Phunk (Live) Can \$16.99; USA
£9.99; Grand Funk & Warband (live) Can \$16.99;
USA £9.99; Grateful Dead USA £6.99; Heart Drum-
beat Anne (original gold reissue) Can \$15.99; Heart
Gold & Butterfly Can £7.99; Heart GTS Hiss Live
(double) Can £10.99; Alex Harvey Band Live Can
£7.99; Jim Hendrix His Redding Live At Monterey
Can £7.99; Jim Hendrix Backtrack Blues (Nat'l Can)
£7.99; Jim Hendrix Electric Blue (UK) £7.99; Global
Can £7.99; Jim Hendrix Flashing Can £7.99
Jim Hendrix The Legendary Euro £6.99; Mountain The
Best Of Can £6.99; Mountain Twin Peaks USA £9.99
Nazareth Rampant Loud And Proud Nazareth all
tracks £6.99; Saga Saga And Friends Apart Can
\$16.99; USA £9.99; Special Forces LA each
Can £6.99; Steppenwolf Double Live Album Can
£9.99; Triumph Rock and Roll Machine Can £6.99; The
Who Hodgkins Double Best Of Can £10.99; Zon Asot
Projector Can £7.99; Zon I Am Worried About The
Boys Can £7.99; Z Top Rock On! Musicians Take
Hombres (live) Can £10.99; Iron Maiden Teas and
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 The Song Remains The Same (double) £16.99
 Rush all single Albums available on Jap apart from
 Rush and Camels Steel each £11.99 Whitesnake
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Love, Led Zeppelin Trampled Under Foot, Led Zeppelin
Immigrant Song, Led Zeppelin Black Dog, AC/DC Rock
And Roll Damnation, Deep Purple Smoke On The
Water

Plus many other likes Rainbow, Gitan, etc plus other
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KLASSIFIEDS

PERSONAL

FEMALE 19 into Rush, Boston, Sty, etc wishes to write meet similar male in Newcastle area. Photos please Box No K70.

TWO SAILORS into Heavy metal would like to hear from females 18-22 anywhere into B.O.C, AC/DC, Kiss, MSG, and all H.M. Box No K71.

GIRL 19 would like good looking male 22-30 (Dave Lee Roth, Coverdale and Rossi look alike welcome). I'm into Quo, Whitesnake, Bats, Spiders, and snakes! Box No K72.

SUPPORT MY Intensifying commitment onto Sid Vicious. Recently-punked male urgently desires Sid Vicious letters from committed heavy punk freaks wanting deeper in. Your letter welcome and mutually confidential. I'll answer what I can. Cassette message later? Box No K73.

LONELY TORN male rocker 24 seeks female 18-24 into Zeppelin, Queen, free for gigs in Scotland, Glasgow area. Appreciated letters will be answered. Photo appreciated. Box No K76.

GIRL 18 seeks males or females (in Hants area) into AC/DC, Maiden, Saxon, etc. Photo appreciated. Box No K77.

MALE 26 would like to meet girls interests in bikes and heavy rock for friendship and outings. Box No K66.

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Abbott Dr, Huntington, 11743. U.S.A.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

RAY, UTTOXETER. Really fancied you! Any chance of a date? Kim (Lady Priest). Box No K69.

SAXON HAMMERSMITH Oct. 9. Guy 24 seeks fun loving girl to go with. Good seats! Photos please. Box No K74.

WANTED

HEAVY METAL DEMOS REQUIRED. ASSURED PLAY ON GREAT BELGIUM RADIO STATION. SEND DEMO AND INFORMATION. TROCH CHRIS, BRUSSELBAAN 19, 1705 ESSENE (AFFLIGEM). BELGIUM.

FAN CLUBS

SPIDER, GYPSY, FANWAGON, for free newsletters and details send SAE C/O RCA Records, Bedford Ave, London WC1.

HOLOCAUST OFFICIAL fan club details, SAE to Top Coin, P.O. Box 83 Dundee, Scotland.

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DEEP PURPLE	4	5	2	4	—	—	2
DONINGTON	—	1	1	1	—	—	1
GENESIS	5	5	—	5	—	—	—
GILLAN	2	4	—	4	—	1	2
HAWKWIND	9	7	3	6	—	1	1
HENDRIX	1	1	—	1	—	—	1
JUDAS PREST	3	8	1	6	—	—	2
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M.S.G.	1	3	—	2	1	1	1
PINK FLOYD	5	5	3	3	1	1	1
QUEEN	14	4	1	5	1	1	2
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ROLLING STONES	6	4	2	3	1	—	2
RUSH	7	8	2	8	1	—	3
SAKON	3	8	2	6	2	1	2
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GUITAR HEROES

Paul Samson

WHEN DID YOU BEGIN PLAYING GUITAR: When I was 12 years old.

WHY DID YOU START: My parents owned all the Shadows records, which I liked until I heard Jimi Hendrix. Then I thought 'that's what an electric guitar should sound like,' and have been trying ever since.

FIRST TYPE OF GUITAR: An old acoustic from a junk shop. My

first electric guitar was a Vox Stroller.

MUSICAL TRAINING: None really.

EARLY INFLUENCES: Jimi Hendrix, Mountain, Free, Cream, Trapeze and rhythm and blues.

FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE: Black Prince, Bexley 1972

FIRST APPEARANCE ON RECORD: 'Telephone', Samson, 1978 on Lightning Records.

OTHER VINYL APPEARANCES: None.

RECORDING BANDS: I've had three bands altogether but they're called Samson.

EQUIPMENT (LIVE): 1962 SG Special with Humbuckers. I prefer the thinner necks on Specials rather than Standards. I have a couple of spare SGs. Amps I use

two Marshall 100 watt Master volume heads into four 4x12 cabinets. Effects I use a Cry Baby wah pedal and a Yamaha E1005 ADT unit.

EQUIPMENT (STUDIO): Various combinations of above. Sometimes I use an old Stratocaster through a Fuzz Face pedal, which you can't buy any more. Also a Vantage acoustic.

NUMBER OF GUITARS OWNED: Five at present.

MOST MEMORABLE SOLO ON RECORD: 'Walkin' Out On You' from 'Head On'.

OTHER GUITARISTS YOU ADMIRE: Billy Gibbons, Rory Gallagher, Mel Galley, Neal Schon, Pat Travers, Leslie West, Frank Marino and Nono from Trust.

Samson: the band that

CHRIS WELCH
meets the boys
who put the
HEAVY back into
heavy metal . . .

'People thought Samson was like a rock 'n' roll circus. It was too gimmicky, and that's why I wanted to change it.'

PAUL SAMSON is fighting back. After being heavy metal darlings just a couple of years ago, the band slipped from public view and was riven by splits, bust ups and rows.

But now all is positive action, with a new record company, fresh members and a more rational view of the music. Gone are the cages and Cambridge rapist masks of yesteryear.

In comes a powerful new drummer and a singer who can more than fill the shoes of the departed Bruce Bruce – or Bruce Dickinson as he is best known to Iron Maiden fans.

Nicky Moore is a big built man and doesn't mind people calling him huge.

'It's something I've got to live with – my size,' he says philosophically. He need have no regrets on that score. His vast girth and dimensions can only complement his powerful vocal style. And his mate Paul Samson, who has struggled on through thick and thin is obviously very proud of his new compatriot.

The pair were ensconced in a London studio the other day listening to play backs of their first album for Polydor called 'Before The Storm' due out soon, and to their exciting new single 'Life On The Run.'

The music is fast, powerful and sparked by Moore's deep throated vocals that boom and roar with impressive power. Said Nicky: 'Not heavy enough is it?'

Together with drummer Pete Jupp and original founder bassist Chris Aylmer, Samson have more than made up for the departure of Thunderstick, the caged drummer and Bruce the renegade singer.

Nicky, who has been with bands like Tiger and Hackensack, is a veteran campaigner and will help Samson broaden their music

pic by Andy Hanson



NICKY MOORE: "We played a gig for the Hells Angels. If you get out alive it means you've gone down well".

ame back from the dead!

as they look beyond the first flush of HM madness.

"We are pulling better crowds now than Samson has ever pulled in the past," says a defiant Paul, who incidentally, shares with his mate Graham Oliver of Saxon, a high regard for Jimi Hendrix.

"The difference is now, it looks like we are having a good time on stage. And that's coming across to audiences. We were getting too gimmicky but I couldn't change the band for a long time.

"We had injunctions slapped on us by our ex-management and we couldn't do anything for a year. Before that we headlined at concerts well before we were ready to headline and we were afraid of blowing the impression created by our first album 'Head On.'"

Did Paul admit they probably had too much publicity in their early days, before they had done enough to warrant it?

"Oh yes. We had it with the heavy metal thing when all the groups got roped in together. In fact our music NOW is more heavy metal than we ever were in the past. But there is a lot more real music in it, and it's more accessible. For me, it's more enjoyable and I'm playing what I want to play.

"With the old Samson I was playing the stuff I wasn't really into, and not being all that successful with it! Not as successful as Iron Maiden and Saxon who were playing what they wanted. Circumstances allowed me to make the changes I wanted to make anyway and it seems to be paying off."

But has Samson's audience been eroded by all this messing about?

"No. If anything it has grown. We've been pulling more on the tours and in about 45 gigs we've only had one shout for Thunderstick."

Said Nicky: "The very first gig I did with the band back in December 1981, before I had even sung a note, somebody shouted 'Bring back Bruce.' Before I even went on. That was my first gig. Did I feel good?"

Nicky told the story with slow deliberation and then burst into roars of laughter. He's a great raconteur and loves to tell the story of

Samson playing for the Hells' Angels.

"We played for hours and nothing – they didn't clap. Then as we came off, the organiser said, 'Er, can you go back on. They liked you. They want an encore.' If you get out alive it means you've gone down well!"

"I think Iron Maiden got more flak than we did about the vocal change," says Paul. "They talk about Bruce's defection to Maiden, which I suppose it was, but it has given us a little bit of credibility, the fact that key guys have walked out on us! But we've come back within a year with a better band and maybe people think 'Oh – they're not such c*** after all.'"

PAUL has a succinct way with words, and it's impossible not to be impressed by his charm and honesty. And there's no doubt he intends that Samson will be back on top and hopefully as high as his

old rivals within a year or so.

"I think our management severely blew it for us. We were caught up in the thick of the heavy metal revival in 1979 and we were headlining and getting big deals. But that's what it's all about. You need that kind of promotion. We had all the front page interviews and stuff in the heavy metal charts, and then whoosh, all the other groups took off and we sorta stayed put.

"I am sure if the band had been as successful as Maiden, I don't think Bruce would have wanted to leave. I don't believe it when he says the music was changing. He was 25 per cent of that change.

But what about the departure of the eccentric Thunderstick?

"That was quite mutual. We all felt we wanted a solid drummer. He wanted us to be more bizarre. So we said 'No – we're gonna be a hard rock, heavy band.' He likes stuff like The Residents. Great if you are into it, but not for me

thanks. He squashed a little bit of my personality really. With our new producer, Tony Platt, he enhances our naturally direction. It's more important to be unique than freaky."

The band's last producer, Tony Platt helped them with their 'Losing My Grip' single which has been bobbing about in the HM chart. Now they are hoping for even better results from their next release, a double single in a presentation pack.

Also in the package is a free 'live' single recorded in concert at Mildenhall and featuring 'Walking Out Over You' and 'Bright Lights,' which will be out in the first week in October. The album is due out in November.

So what does the future hold the band that has come back from the brink of disaster. Says Nicky with a smile: "We want to be rawer and heavier, and very attacking. But we also want to have . . . a bit of class."

"But the best thing of all," says Paul eagerly, "is that we are going to produce the Samson sound live."



pic by Fin Costello

BLADE RUNNER

Blade Runner 3-A
Directed by Ridley Scott
With Harrison Ford, Rutger Hauer,
Sean Young, 120min

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN talking about filming one of Philip K. Dick's science fiction novels for a good 10 years now. John's answer included (along with Martin Scorsese) "Scorsese to come just one of a legion of interested parties. Sorry, thanks to the 11 movie wars, there's 'Blade Runner', Ridley Scott's handsome and long-awaited follow-up to the honors of 'Alien'. At least two more Dick adaptations are in the pipeline. Both of them helmed by 'Alien' scriptwriter Dan O'Bannon.

Meanwhile, here's a great sci-fi action author— who died prematurely earlier this year— has a more than adequate monument in the first-called version of the brilliant books. The rather more streamlined tale of 'Blade Runner' is one of the least likely few changes made to Dick's original. The book of the film, incidentally, is the 1968 'Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?', one of Dick's own favorites and also a guide. 'The Man In The High Castle', 'A Scanner Darkly' and the less frequently appreciated 'Martian Time-Slip' (source material for Human League's 'Circus of Death', by the way) ranks as the cream of the author's work.

Like the book, 'Blade Runner' is Kurosawa's detective story with a futuristic setting. Rick Deckard (Harrison Ford) is a retired private eye-sun-bounty hunter whose speciality was/is rounding up: humanoid robots, known in the movie by the less familiar name of 'replicants'. The replicants in this case have been developed as slave labour designed to help humans with the difficult job of colonising new worlds. When a group of replicants escape, and manage to cut their way back to Earth, where they promptly start taking off any human who gets in their way, Deckard's put back into service, spurred on by a large bounty for every android he bags. Making things a little more complicated is the fact that the replicants are so like humans that it's almost impossible to tell apart.

Utterly amazing, really, 'Dirty Harry in space' if you like. What makes the film essential viewing is the sheer

quality of its visual imagery as Deckard escapes his prey through a rotting monster metropolis that could come straight out of a Judge Dredd/ '2000AD' adventure, a city where super technology reveals the inevitable for sale of decay, so that for every gleaming spire there's a thousand tangled, empty, polluted and extremely mean streets.

'Blade Runner' is obviously an action picture and is a must for any sf and/or thriller fan, and arrests almost of kid's stuff like E.T., or the disappointing second 'Star Trek' misadventure. Well done! **DICK MATCHES/ELL**



KLASSIK KUTS

RUSH

ANTHEM

Words and music by: Lee, Lifeson, Peart

KNOW THAT YOUR PLACE IN LIFE
IS WHERE YOU WANT IT TO BE
DON'T LET THEM TELL YOU THAT
YOU OWE IT ALL TO ME
KEEP ON LOOKING FORWARD
THERE'S NO USE IN LOOKING ROUND
CARRY YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE CROWD
AND THEY WON'T BRING YOU DOWN

CHORUS:-

ANTHEM OF THE HEART AND MIND
A FUNERAL DIRGE FOR EYES GONE BLIND
WE MARVEL AFTER THOSE WHO SOUGHT
NEW WONDERS IN THE WORLD THEY WROUGHT

LIVE FOR YOURSELF, THERE'S NO ONE
MORE WORTH LIVING FOR
BEGGING HANDS AND BLEEDING HEARTS
WILL ONLY CRY FOR MORE

THOUGH I KNOW THEY'VE ALWAYS
TOLD YOU SELFISHNESS IS WRONG
YET IT WAS FOR ME NOT YOU
I CAME TO WRITE THIS SONG

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LETTERS

Say it loud to:

Letters, Kerrang! 40 Longacre, London WC2

HOW DO the Donington promoters seriously expect any more than 40,000 people with a band like Status 'bunch of old men' Quo headlining? The first 30 minutes or so of their set wasn't too bad, then came the sheer boredom of what misfit Parfitt calls a SOLO. The worst thing is you critics praising Status 'GBH of the earhole' Quo because they can only play one tune; you call this 'no-nonsense boogie' - I call it shit!

And Gillan, excellent though they were, made three very silly mistakes: 1) They degraded themselves by supporting Status Crap (sorry). 2) They started the set with two new songs. 3) They degraded themselves by supporting Status Crap (whoops, did it again).

Besides this Gillan were amazing, and Janick will soon be heralded as, one of the greatest axemen ever. Saxon also rated highly on the clappometer, even if Biff's 'Crazy-side' versus 'Wild-side' was a bit corny ('Wudja believe a draw?'); anyway Saxon were great. Hawkwind - nice group shame about the robots - still managed to instigate a healthy bout of can throwing.

Uriah Heep were at something of a disadvantage: 1) They're not a festival band. 2) It was pissing down. 3) They failed miserably, still, nice T-shirt, eh?

Anvil tried bloody hard and deserved more return for their efforts ('Lips' - what a sick name). Anyway, to finish off, whenever people write "I doubt whether you'll print this letter" you always do, so here goes; as this letter calls Status Crap (damn, it's becoming a habit) I doubt whether you'll print it anyway. Mark "I'm not afraid to sign my own name" Mosley AKA George the Hippo.

FOR THE second year running the Monsters of Rock Festival at Donington has been ruined by the sound. How much longer must festival-goers suffer from this curse? Hard working performances by Uriah Heep and the brilliant Anvil were totally ruined by the (in the words of Ian Gillan) 'Mickey Mouse' equipment. The guitars were almost totally excluded from the mix and were only audible during solos.

1982 was certainly my last visit to Castle Donington. If I pay a tenner or more to see six bands I would like to be able to hear them! Surely a soundcheck could be organised the



Alex Lifeson and Geddy Lee discuss the latest in Savile Row tailoring.

WHO DO the Police think they are? Just because Sting's doing his solo single doesn't justify the other two getting Geddy Lee to sing on their 'New World Man' single... and then having the audacity to use Rush's name!! I mean we all know 'New World Man' can't be Rush. Rush are/were a three-piece sophisticated rock band producing classic 'opus type' songs, not silly reggae-beat pop! OK, so Geddy said in an interview last year that "Duran Duran and Japan are good bands" and that Rush "were only now beginning to get 'feel' into the music", but we all know he was only kidding, don't we? (don't we Geddy? Speak to me Geddy...)

No, 'New World Man' IS the Police! Oh, and who the hell was that toe-rag in issue 23 who complained about the lack of Rush pictures? Not only that but Mr Frustrated-Rush-Fan wants pictures of the 'new' Rush with their dinky stage show. Bigger it!! Rush used to run about the stage and YOU focused on THEM. Now you don't know whether to watch the Walt Disney cartoons or the three tailor's dummies with the bow-ties, boiler and three-piece suits. So if you want to give us some more Rush pics, by all means do so, but make sure they're a good three years old when they were a real band.

And talking of bands who used to be good, how can MSG, one of the finest up-and-coming classy rock bands, suddenly collapse into a second-rate 'pop' band? Of course, it could be something to do with Graham 'no balls' Bonnet - but I doubt it, just because Rainbow produced a pop album with him and both his solo albums were pop affairs, doesn't mean he has a 'pop' effect on people, does it (just like Rush don't play bloody reggae!)? Long live good rock bands like the Uriah's (who not surprisingly blew everyone's balls off at Donington); the most underrated rock band in Britain - Nazareth; and Journey who have had seven (count 'em) brilliant albums before 'Escape' you band-wagon jumpin' dicks. And by the way, the most OVERRATED band are AC/DC - pure shit!!

Two ex-Rush/MSG fans, Ayr Scotland.

night before to prevent this kind of debacle. All I can say is: 'Thank God for Reading!' Andy Gilbert, South Norwood, London.

IT BEGAN one midsummer's night. I was reading my recently purchased Kerrang! when I heard a strange muffled sound (not unlike Robert Plant's 'Aaahhing' on 'Slow Dancer') coming from my pile of Kerrang! magazines.

I steered myself towards that

corner of the room and stopped about a foot from the mags. Looking down I saw in the dust, well, I thought I saw, what appeared to be four rock hard spuds, very hairy and sporting newly acquired potato jackets. They were headbanging and singing "we got mashed at Donington, yeah, yeah, yeah." I couldn't believe it, I turned and fled for the door. I woke up screaming and sweating, it was the most horrific 'monster' dream I've ever had.

So come on Kerrang! and do something about those elusive binders you said you were going to sort out. Then maybe my recurring nightmare will go and I can brave the elements of the dust to regain my Kerrang! Kollektion and put the mags in their rightful place - in their binders!!

Metal Mickey, Borehamwood.

● Watch out in the next few issues of Kerrang! They are coming

DANTE BONUTTO, what the hell are you on about? The feature on our God, Michael Schenker, in no. 23 was a load of bull! You said that Michael "didn't have the greatest of reputations for songwriting." Who the hell do you think helped Phil Mogg to write immortal UFO classics like 'Doctor, Doctor'? Who helped Gary Barden write all the MSG songs such as 'Let Sleeping Dogs Lie' and 'Ready To Rock'. Who wrote the amazing, mesmerising 'Courvoisier Concerto' and the brilliant instrumental 'Into The Arena'?

Are you really an ignorant craphead, or are you purposely slagging off Michael? Well, I'd like to say that I, and all the other Schenker fans, will buy any record he plays on just for his unique solos, cos every one is a classic and any song he records instantly becomes ace. And I can assure you I shall play the new album to death and enjoy every note of it!!

Love from a female rocker who loves MSG and the Scorpions, and who would love to see Dante Bonutto fired.

JUST THOUGHT you might like to know I've hi-jacked your office. I've got a machinegun pointed at your head and that bulge in your self-expanding Y-fronts is a grenade. The building is surrounded by an army of Scorpion tanks waiting to burn the sky and unleash death and destruction upon the unfortunates cowering within. Then, when the smoke is going down, a multitude of Exocet missiles will follow a pre-programmed course to wreak havoc and demolition on the remains of the building. I'm armed and ready to have you begging for mercy, for I have at my disposal, among other things, an Iron Maiden and a Mad Axeman. But much, much worse, when you have had a blackout, non-removable headphones playing non-stop Abba music will be affixed to your cringing cranium. The only way you can escape a slow and very painful death is to print TRUST in colour in your mag... immediately!! If you don't, I shall not be responsible for my actions!! You have been warned!!

An internationally renowned terrorist.

I AM very annoyed with your statement in Kerrang! no. 22. The Bandwagon may have disbanded now, but the new location (Headstone, N. Harrow) is just as good a replacement. I've been going twice a week without fail since it opened and I can assure you that imaginary guitar solos and Rob Loonhouse are well in evidence!

If the crappy writer of the article would like to go down to the Headstone on a Friday night (that's if he can get in because it's always packed) he/she will notice that everybody is having a bloody good time, and half the people there, I

KERROSWORD! SOLUTION

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1 Snider. 5 Grand. 7 Good. 8 Magnetism. 10 Ruby. 11 Led. 13 Let There Be. 15 Pete. 17 Matchstick Men. 19 Quinn. 21 Rock. 23 Ian. 24 Ted. 25 Era. 26 UFO. 27 Glam. 28 Tush. 29 Vinyl.

DOWN: 1 Deguello. 2 Eloy. 3 Dumpy's Rusty Nuts. 4 Rage. 5 Geezer. 6 Dominoes. 9 Rush. 12 Pete Goalby. 14 Brighton. 16 TKO. 18 Animal. 19 Queen. 20 Night. 22 Kim.

reckon, could beat the bollocks off your so-called 'AD LIB AIR GUITAR CONTEST WINNER'! Yours headbangingly, God of Thunder, Detroit Rock City, (somewhere in Pinner).

HAVING JUST read issue 23 I must complain about certain political comments that have crept onto the pages of your excellent magazine.

In issue 21 Geoff Banks, whilst reviewing Magnum's gig at the Marquee, commented on 'Soldier of the Line' being relevant after "the recent Falkland's fiasco." Is Banks one of those bearded self-proclaimed intellectuals who think it fashionable to disagree with the majority of people or with the Establishment? And again, in issue 23, Nick Kemp returns to the Falkland's theme when reviewing the 'Point Blank' album. He says Point Blank are the "biggest thing to hit these shores since the Falkland's fleet bludgeoned its shameful way back to Plymouth."

If Messrs Banks and Kemp disagree with the use of force in the Falklands, OK, it's a free country (unlike Argentina), but I buy *Kerrang!* for its musical views NOT its political ideas. I advise Banks and Kemp to stick to something they think they know something about, i.e. HM/HR and leave politics to the people with the sense and knowledge to understand what they are talking (and writing) about! R. Davies, Kidderminster, Worcs.



Dave Lee Roth boldly goes where *Kerrang!* fears to tread.

I WAS pleased to see Wendy 'O' in issue 18 thinking that an interview and picture would surely follow – but no. I thought that several tracks in the HM charts including one of the excellent mini-albums which reached number three would count for something – obviously not. Even a brilliant Sylvie Simmons review of one of their concerts a while back with such descriptions as 'ultimate HM carnage put in a blender and switched to instant mousse... the band thrash out a harsh, croaking HM, Wendy's voice cuts through it like a demonic gurgle that creeps up your spine and burns a hole in the back of your skull,' didn't assure them a place in your pages. So, they haven't been to England, it's not their fault they were banned because someone found out they planned to blow up a car onstage! Maybe the reason is that someone decided to put them in "Punk's Not Dead" just because two members of the group have mohawks. Or is it that they're just TOO outrageously Over-The-Top and HEAVY for *Kerrang!* the mag that 'delivers the decibels'?

A disgusted Plasmatics fan.



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THE WILD ONES



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